

The Sketch

No. 756.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



LA MILO'S GODIVA "COSTUME": THE FAMOUS LIVING STATUE AS SHE WILL APPEAR
IN THE COVENTRY PROCESSION.

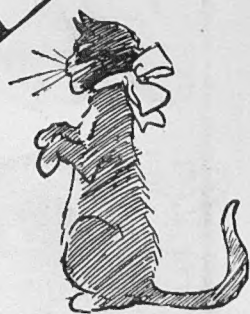
Photograph by Bassano.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



London.

The Golden Age.

"With regard to men," said Miss Phyllis. "Always a subject of the deepest interest," I agreed.

"I knew you'd say that." Supreme scorn in the tone.

"Two minds with but a single——"

"Don't be cheap."

"Sorry. But with regard to men?"

"You'd hate to miss the chance of discussing yourself, wouldn't you?"

"You mean, of course, ourselves. I should hate to miss the chance of hearing you discuss us. As a sex, I believe, you hold us in rather light esteem?" (Miss Phyllis is rising seventeen.)

"That's a mild way of putting it."

"It's up to you, as they say, to improve upon it."

"Very well." She knitted her brows. "As a sex, I think of you as a pity."

I raised my eyebrows. Miss Phyllis regarded me with a cold, cruel little stare.

"To put it concisely," she continued, "you mar the natural scheme."

"Will you have one more ice?"

"Well, just to keep you quiet."

Without Prejudice.

"To begin with," she said, balancing some of the horrid pink stuff on the end of a very small spoon, "men are so absurdly vain."

"A disinterested onlooker," I said, "would scream with laughter at our vanity. The best of it is, though, that there are none."

"None what?" (A charming phrase as Miss Phyllis speaks it.)

"None disinterested onlookers."

"What absolute nonsense! I am, for one."

"Fine! We've all been hoping that you would happen. You have observed, then, from your dizzy perch, that the vanity of Man is ridiculous?"

"Passing over your quite ineffective sarcasm, I have observed that men devote far more thought to their dress and general appearance than women do."

"You're quite right. We really *ought* to be more slovenly."

"Oh, it isn't that so much. You needn't be slovenly exactly, but you ought to recognise the fact that you were intended to be useful, and not ornamental."

"Like the statue of the Duke of Wellington," I murmured.

"What did you say? I hate men who mutter."

"I was only calling the waiter."

Rough on the Carver.

"And that's another thing about men. (Vanilla, please.) They're ridiculously selfish."

"You don't feel the sun too much at the back of your neck, do you?"

"I should tell you if I did. Now you've interrupted me."

"Your delicious sense of humour had just enabled you to observe that men were ridiculously selfish."

"Oh, yes. So they are. Directly a man gets married he expects his wife to be a slave for the rest of her life. He seems to think that if he feeds her, and clothes her, and keeps a roof over her head, and carves the beef, that is all that is required of him."

"Beast! I can't imagine that you would ever put up with a man of that sort."

"Or any other sort."

"Really? This is most interesting. You won't mind my saying that I like your determined attitude?"

Miss Phyllis looked at me with a somewhat doubtful look. She found me all humility and admiration.

"Have you touched the bell?" she asked.

Bang Goes Another Theory.

"What about that waiter?" I suggested.

"Would you say that he beat his wife?"

"I dare say he would if he dared. He has a horrid face. All greed."

"Oh," I explained hastily, "that's merely the professional face. Each profession, you know, has its own face. Schoolmasters look smug, barristers look cunning, soldiers look obtuse, sailors look humorous, doctors look anxious, actors look dictatorial, diplomatists look sleepy, waiters look greedy—and so forth. It's just a matter of business, believe me. They don't mean any harm by it."

"You're talking rather too much," said Miss Phyllis. "If you were actually an observant person, you would know that all men look greedy. That is to say, they all look mercenary."

"As a sex," I reminded her, "we have been dignified by the title of 'breadwinner.'"

"Because the bread is all that you bring home," she retorted, not inaptly. "The wine and the venison you consume at your clubs."

"May I accept that as a statement of fact?"

"Don't be pompous. I want another cushion."

Looping the Eternal Loop.

I arranged the cushions, and then sat down and looked sad.

"Buck up!" said Miss Phyllis, very cool and comfortable. "I'm almost at the end of the catalogue."

"I can't believe you. Up to the present, we're vain, selfish, and mercenary. You'll never make a Suffragette, I fear."

"What a pity you don't write pantomimes! You have just the delicate touch that seems to be needed. And that reminds me of something else I hate in men. They're grossly inartistic, of course."

"Grossly, my dear! If it were not for women, where should we get our plays, and our pictures, and our operas?"

"That's not a bit clever. I admit that most of the good plays, and pictures, and operas have come from men, but they were exceptional men. On the other hand, how would those exceptional men have lived if women had not paid down money to see their plays, and buy their pictures, and listen to their operas?"

"Too true. It is undoubtedly women who pay down the money to support Art. As for the men, they simply——"

"This eternal circle!" cried Miss Phyllis, stamping.

A Splendid Secret.

"Are nuns allowed to receive letters?" I asked, as we were about to part.

"I never said that I intended to be a nun, did I?"

"You may not have said it in so many words, but I feel sure you will have the courage of your convictions."

"I have a very poor opinion of cloistered sex-antagonists," explained Miss Phyllis. "Besides——"

"Don't weaken!" I implored.

"I haven't the slightest intention of weakening, as you call it. But the exceptional woman, you see, sometimes meets the exceptional man."

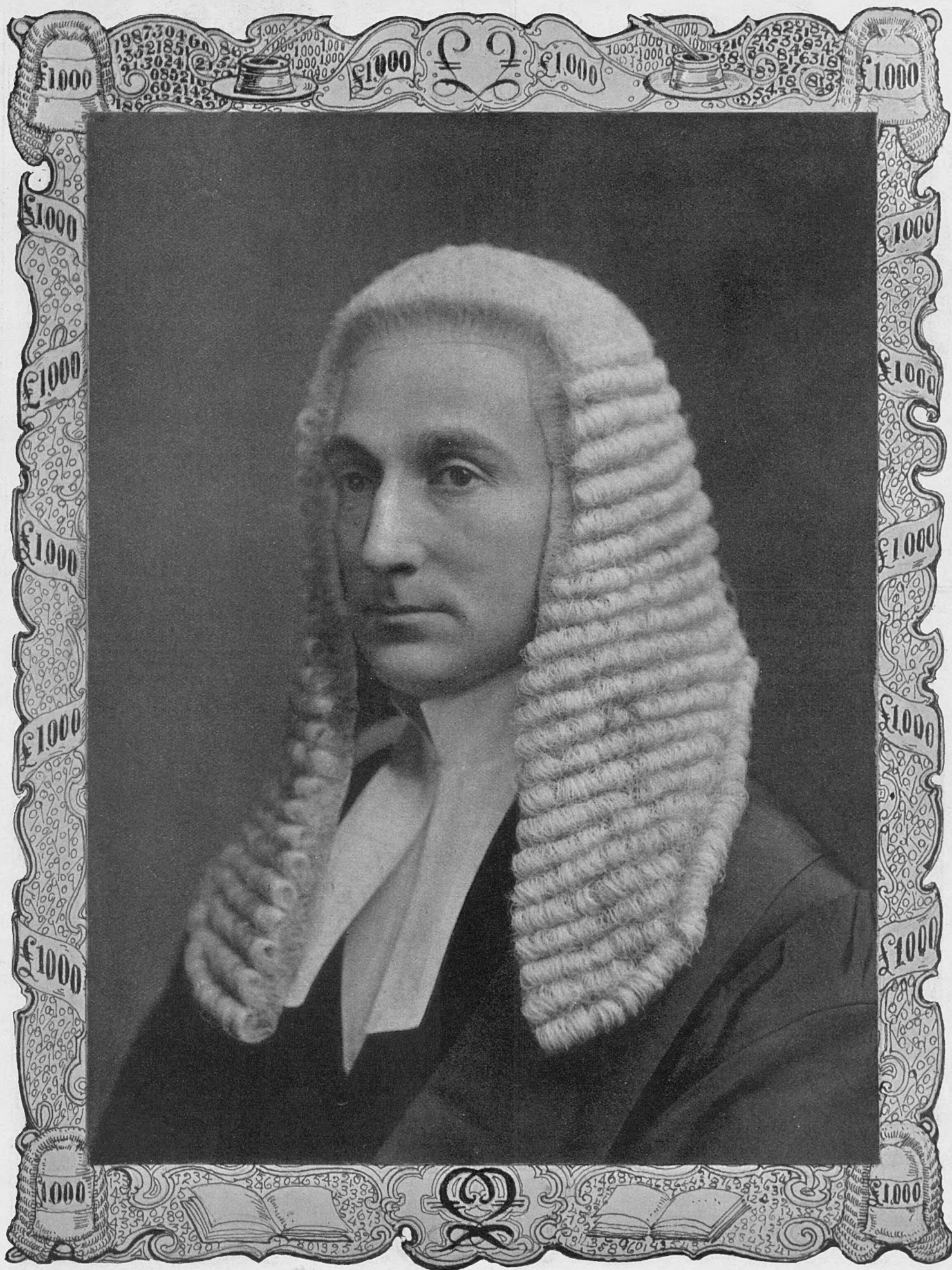
I looked round. Nobody was listening.

"May I tell you something in strict confidence?"

Miss Phyllis nodded.

"She *always* does," I whispered.

FAMOUS AT FIGURES: MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C.

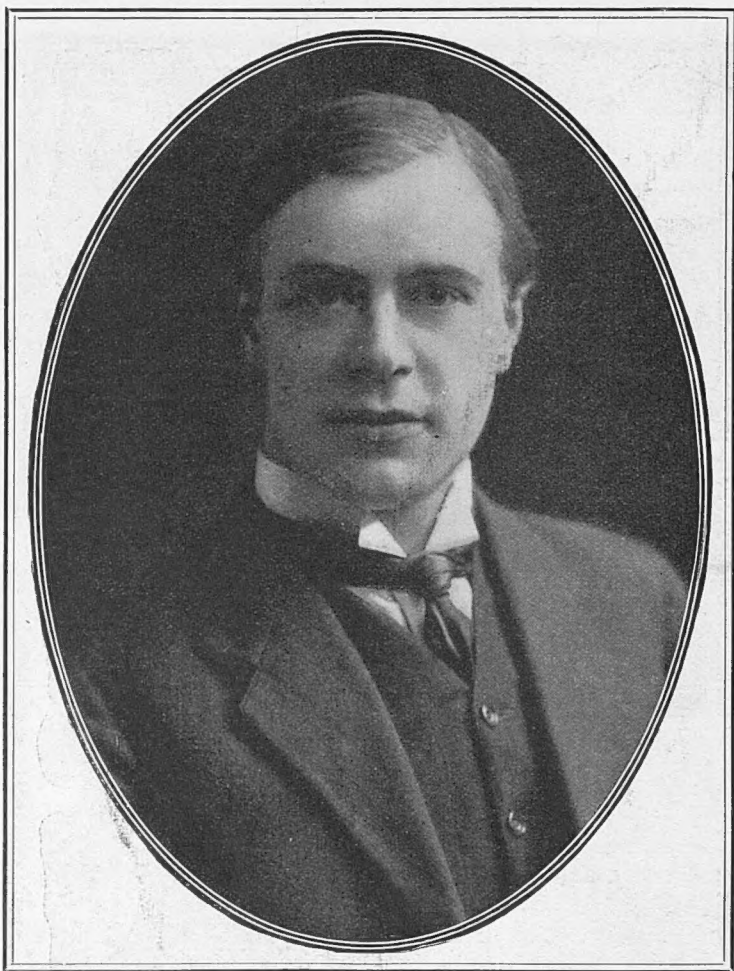


THE SUBTLEST CROSS-EXAMINER AT THE BAR.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., was the leading counsel for the defendants in the case of Lever Brothers against the Associated Newspapers, Ltd. Though famous for his success in cross-examination, Mr. Isaacs saw that it was impossible to shake Mr. Lever's lucid and straightforward statements. The eminent K.C. is not only an eloquent pleader, but he is the greatest master of figures and statistics among eminent counsel of the day. His speech in the Whitaker Wright trial was marvellous for the ease with which Mr. Isaacs dealt with the most complicated and bewildering arithmetic.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

VERY MUCH IN EVIDENCE.



THE ADVOCATE OF NO SEX TIES: MR. VICTOR GRAYSON,
NEW M.P. FOR COLNE VALLEY.

Mr. Victor Grayson has won the Colne Valley in the Socialist interest, beating the Liberal by 153 votes. Mr. Grayson says he stands for "human equality, sexual equality, and the abolition of sex ties"—whatever that may mean.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



MR. W. H. LEVER, M.P., HEAD OF THE FIRM OF MESSRS. LEVER
BROTHERS, OF PORT SUNLIGHT.

Mr. Lever made a remarkable impression by his straightforward and lucid evidence. His action against the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., for alleged libel was settled by the payment of £50,000 by the defendants, and the complete withdrawal of allegations.

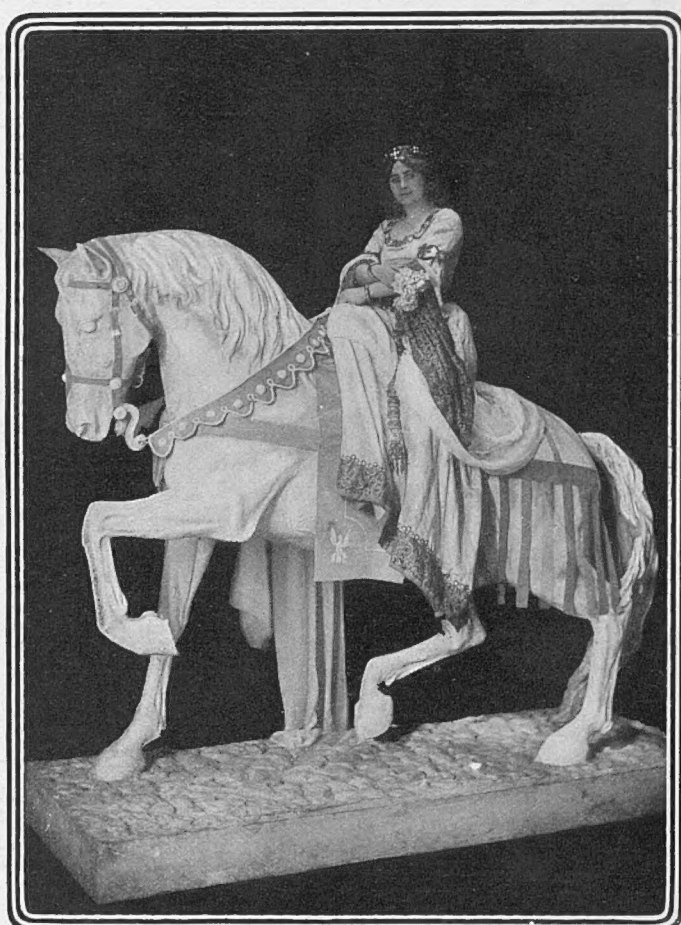
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



TRACING ONE'S DESCENT ON ONE'S WEDDING-GOWN:
A NEW FASHION.

Lady Binney, who is descended from King Robert the Bruce, embroidered her wedding-dress with a spider-web design and little silver spiders. The sleeves and veil were of the same material. The allusion was, of course, to Bruce and the spider.

Photograph by Roberts.



LA MILO AS LADY GODIVA IN THE DRESS SHE WEARS BEFORE
PUTTING ON THE MUCH-DISCUSSED "COSTUME."

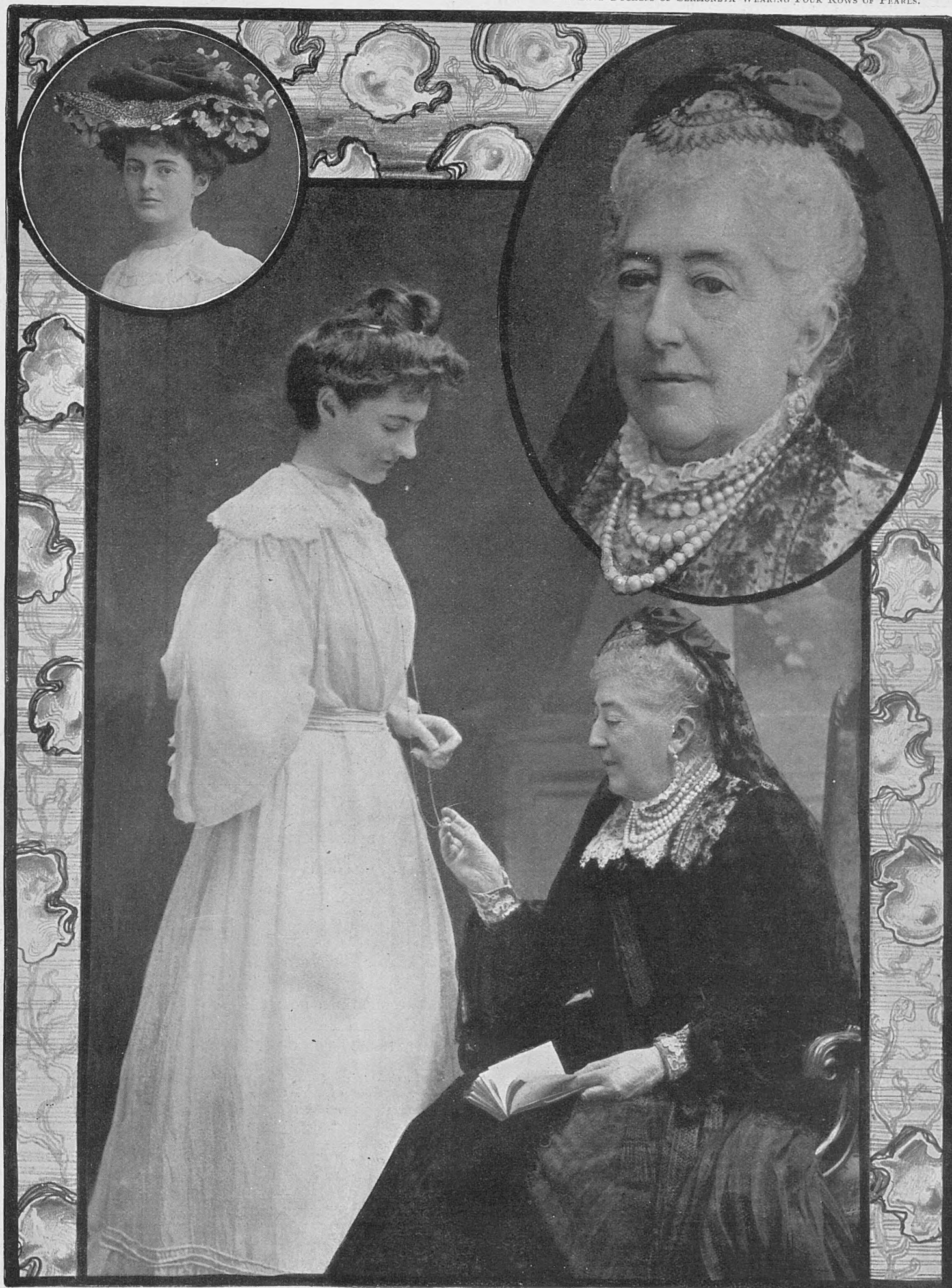
La Milo, famous for her impersonation of statues, will play Lady Godiva in the Coventry Pageant on August 7. The "costume" La Milo is to wear has provoked a great deal of rather acrimonious discussion. It is given on our front page.

Photograph by Bissano.

THE MOST VALUABLE PEARL NECKLACE IN THE WORLD: THE DISPUTED HEIRLOOM.

AWARDED THE NECKLACE: MISS ELLIS.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF SERMONETA WEARING FOUR ROWS OF PEARLS.



THE LATE OWNER OF THE NECKLACE, THE DUCHESS OF SERMONETA, AND HER NIECE, MISS LUCY HENRIETTA KATHERINE ELLIS, TO WHOM THE COURT AWARDED THE PEARLS.

A curious case of a pearl necklace has been before the High Court. Miss Lucy Henrietta Katherine Ellis claimed the pearl necklace belonging to her aunt, the late Duchess of Sermoneta. The pearls are valued at £30,000, and the question is whether they should be handed over to the Italian executors or to Miss Ellis. By her will the late Duchess of Sermoneta directed if the necklace should be in London at the time of her death it should go to her Italian executors. When she died the necklace was found in Florence, and on this Miss Ellis based her claim. The Italian witnesses made affidavits that the Duchess often wore more than four rows of pearls in the necklace, and it was contended on behalf of the Italian legatee that the necklace was made up at one time of ten rows of pearls. The necklace was produced in the Judge's room, and two experts arranged it on a dummy bust. As it was shown it consisted of eight rows—four found in England and four in Florence. The Judge held that the pearls found in London were not part of the pearl necklace which was awarded to Miss Ellis. Nor could the pearls found in London go to the Italian executors. On photographic proof as to four rows his Lordship did not rely much, as the pearls had been restrung since the earlier photographs were taken.—[Photographs by Thomson.]

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and

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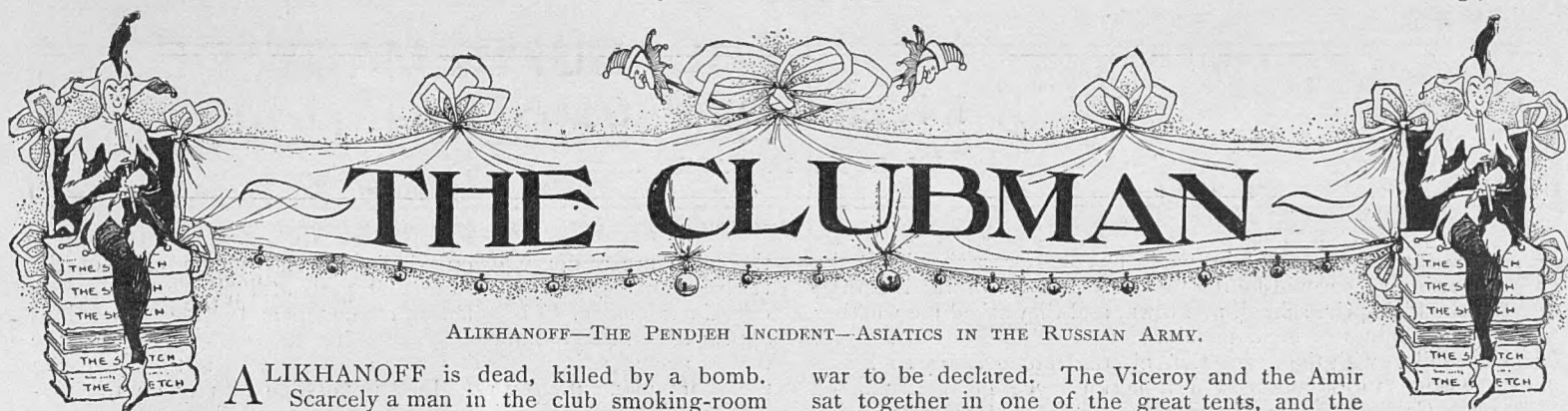
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ALIKHANOFF—THE PENDJEH INCIDENT—ASIATICS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

ALIKHANOFF is dead, killed by a bomb. Scarcely a man in the club smoking-room could remember who he was and what he did, yet he very nearly flung Russia and Afghanistan, and with Afghanistan Great Britain, into war. The red-bearded giant, who afterwards persecuted the Armenians so fiercely, played a great part in the history of the East, and, but for his violent temper, might have played a greater. In India, in the days of Lord Lytton, Alikhanoff was often spoken of in the same breath with Nicholson, for both men had extraordinary power over natives, both were impatient of all authority, and both had violent tempers. Nicholson, however, was a Christian and a European; Alikhanoff was a Mohammedan and an Asiatic.

The great feat of Alikhanoff's life was the taking of Merv for Russia without firing a shot. He went there alone in disguise, and so worked upon the minds of the Turkoman chiefs that they did not oppose the Russian advance. When they changed their minds, and came to the conclusion that they preferred independence to Russian rule, they were too late, for a great army was close upon them, and thus the last step towards the Afghan border was made bloodlessly. The Pendjeh incident caused Alikhanoff's name to be known in England, and to disturb all India. The Amir Abdurrahman, father of the present ruler of Afghanistan, had come into British territory bringing an escort of wild soldiery with him, and at Rawal Pindi he and Lord Lytton were discussing many weighty affairs—the yearly sum for the receipt of which the Afghan ruler would engage to leave his foreign policy in British hands, the import of arms, and such-like matters.

Up in the north-west of Afghanistan a commission of British and Russian officers were wearily making maps of what was to be the boundary between the dominions of the Tsar and the Amir. The work had progressed very slowly, for the Russians always opposed the British contentions and the British were no more amiable towards the Russians. At Pendjeh, where two rivers meet, was a debatable piece of land held by Afghan troops. Alikhanoff was in command of the Russians facing them. The progress of the Commission was far too slow for the impatient red-bearded man, so he attacked the Afghans and cleared them out of Pendjeh. The news came down to Rawal Pindi from the Helmand as fast as horse could gallop, and all India stood breathless, waiting for

war to be declared. The Viceroy and the Amir sat together in one of the great tents, and the representative of Great Britain told the ruler of Afghanistan that if he wished to resent the seizure of part of his territory, the troops of his suzerain would support him to the uttermost. Abdurrahman asked for a map, and was shown on it where Pendjeh lay. The Amir looked at the map in silence for a few moments, and during those seconds peace and war hung in the balance. He traced with a finger the boundaries of his dominions, and then gazed at the tiny spot where the two rivers joined. "If all this is mine, why should I trouble about so small a piece of ground?" he said, and thus war was averted. Alikhanoff and his Cossacks were baulked of their rush on Herat, and the joint Commission once more toiled on along the border.

Indirectly, Alikhanoff—whose name, of course, was really Ali Khan—was the cause of the founding of the Nobles Cadet Corps, and the giving of commissions in the British Army to Indian noblemen. The position and power to which an Asiatic in the Russian Army could rise were brought home to all our authorities very plainly by Alikhanoff's feats, and I was shown a letter from a very great personage indeed in which a hope was expressed that something might be done to give the younger sons of the aristocracy of some of the great Indian fighting clans the same chances that Russia gave her Asiatic warriors. Everything in India moves slowly; but I have little doubt that the seed which came to flower in Lord Curzon's day was sown in that of Lord Lytton. Lord Curzon, by the way, was one of the very few Englishmen in Asia who ever saw and spoke to the redoubtable Red-beard.

The tremendous tenacity of Alikhanoff was shown after his quarrel with one of the Russian Grand Dukes. He had risen to the position of aide-de-camp, and his career seemed to be assured; but his temper was not to be kept within bounds, and he quarrelled fiercely with his General. Russian Grand Dukes in their own country are not people to abuse with impunity, and Alikhanoff found himself reduced to the ranks. Such a crushing blow would have broken the spirit of nine hundred and ninety men in a thousand; but it had no such effect on the future scourge of the Armenians, and he rose quickly again to the commissioned ranks and the higher commands.



THE ALLEGED VICTIM OF THE KENNEL MAID: MISS ANNIE BLOUNT.

Miss Blount, in giving evidence against the prisoner, said that Mrs. Leslie persuaded her that she was a great friend of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Miss Blount was photographed leaving Bow Street.

Photograph by Park.



THE KENNEL-MAID: THE ACCUSED, MRS. JOSEPHINE LESLIE.

Mrs. Josephine Leslie was charged at Bow Street with obtaining ££500 by fraud from Miss Annie Blount, whom Mrs. Leslie met when she was employed at Taplow as kennel-maid to the dogs in the picture.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



RIVALS TO JOHNNY TRUNDLEY: THE WONDERS OF WEDNESBURY.

Two New Zealand children are at present astonishing Wednesbury. The boy is 11, the girl 13, and they are already 5 ft. 3 in. and 5 ft. 2½ in. respectively. They weigh 20 stone and 17 stone. Their parents are of average height. They are photographed with their mother.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

HOW I INVENTED PAGEANTRY.

BY LOUIS N. PARKER.

IN 1904 the people of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, realised that the following year would be the twelfth centenary of the founding of the bishopric, school, and town, and they asked me whether a folk-play might not be a novel way of celebrating this historic event. I fell in with the suggestion all the more readily as I had always wished to organise such a performance in the ruins of Sherborne Castle. We began very modestly, but we ended with over 900 performers and audiences totalling 50,000. Thus pageantry was invented.

Once, in speaking of the necessary qualifications for the actors in a pageant, I remarked, "All we require is a childlike heart." I find it is by no means limited to the performers, for even when the pageant is produced everyone wants to know how it is done in exactly the same way as, when children are taken to see a conjurer, they want to find out just how he makes two guinea-pigs out of an omelette, and how two rabbits can be rubbed together to make only one.

In the old days there used to be hidden things and Eleusinian mysteries, but to-day the heart must be plucked out of every mystery and laid, still beating and palpitating, for the curious to gaze on.

As it is part of life that the minority must bow before the will of the majority, so it is that, in deference to the greater force, I have brought myself to tell how a pageant is managed so that the two thousand and more performers who take part in these festivals are kept within bounds and work together to produce a result which has, with justice, been admitted to be an artistic whole.

Perhaps I ought to say, in the language of the conjurer, "it is all done by long practice and sleight-of-hand." Long practice it certainly does need, for it is not the actual week of the pageant that matters. It is the preceding year which is devoted to studying the history of the town, consulting authorities, designing, contriving, cutting out, sewing, sawing, glueing, hammering. It is the discovery of unsuspected talent, of dormant gifts among the citizens that matters; it is the dragging into life of those multitudinous gifts and talents that is the valuable thing.

For six weeks before a pageant begins I am in residence in the pageant town. Long before then the book has been written, the cast fixed, and all the preparations made. After a week of preliminary arrangements the rehearsals begin in grim earnest—going on from early morning until late at night, with special rehearsals of such individuals as choose to come to me for coaching at their own convenience.

All the performers are always so keen that, though the work is long, it does not involve any trouble. For three weeks rehearsals go on in private, by which time the actors have become so thoroughly used to their parts that they are able to go through them with absolute accuracy, and we can begin to have rehearsals in public. How admirably the actors prepare themselves may be judged from the fact that the first public rehearsal usually takes only ten minutes longer than the actual performance itself.

So far as the directing of the pageant is concerned, during the performance it is all done by me personally. Broadly speaking, I may be said to conduct it in much the same way as a conductor keeps his orchestra together, for nothing is done without my definite signal.

On the top of the grand stand there is erected a little pent-house, with a single chair in it and a table in front of it. Fixed to

the table are a dozen electric-bells, which ring in each of the twelve entrances erected at different parts of the lawn which does duty for the stage. The different characters and all the processions appear from these entrances. Everything has to be timed with the utmost accuracy, in order that the actors may be in their places at the exact moment. It would be impossible to rely on the performers themselves hearing the cues and advancing at the proper time. From my coign of vantage I can not only see but can also hear everything that goes on, and I give the signal for the entrances. Nobody starts to move until I ring. Woe betide the unlucky mortal who did. I have means of making him feel the effects of my wrath which would effectually prevent him repeating his error.

In order that I may know that the bell has rung and given its signal to the actors waiting in the entrances, an arrangement is made by which a bell on my table also rings, but so softly that it is impossible for anyone in the grand-stand beneath to hear it. Indeed, it is impossible for any of the audience to hear the bells, even those rung at the entrances which are comparatively near the auditorium.

Sometimes it is necessary for me to communicate with the orchestra. This I do by means of a speaking-tube; while as it is impossible for me to hear the music from where I sit, I have introduced a special device, leading from the orchestra to my chair, by which at any given moment I can hear what is being played. All these different devices are concealed so that the audience never gets even a glimpse of the technical side of the pageant.

In order to prevent the players advancing too near to the audience, and so getting out of the line of sight of those in the high seats at the back, a line, which might be compared with the footlights in a theatre, is marked on the grass; but by the time the pageant begins it is not necessary to use it, as the performers all know their places, and take them up every time within a couple of inches.

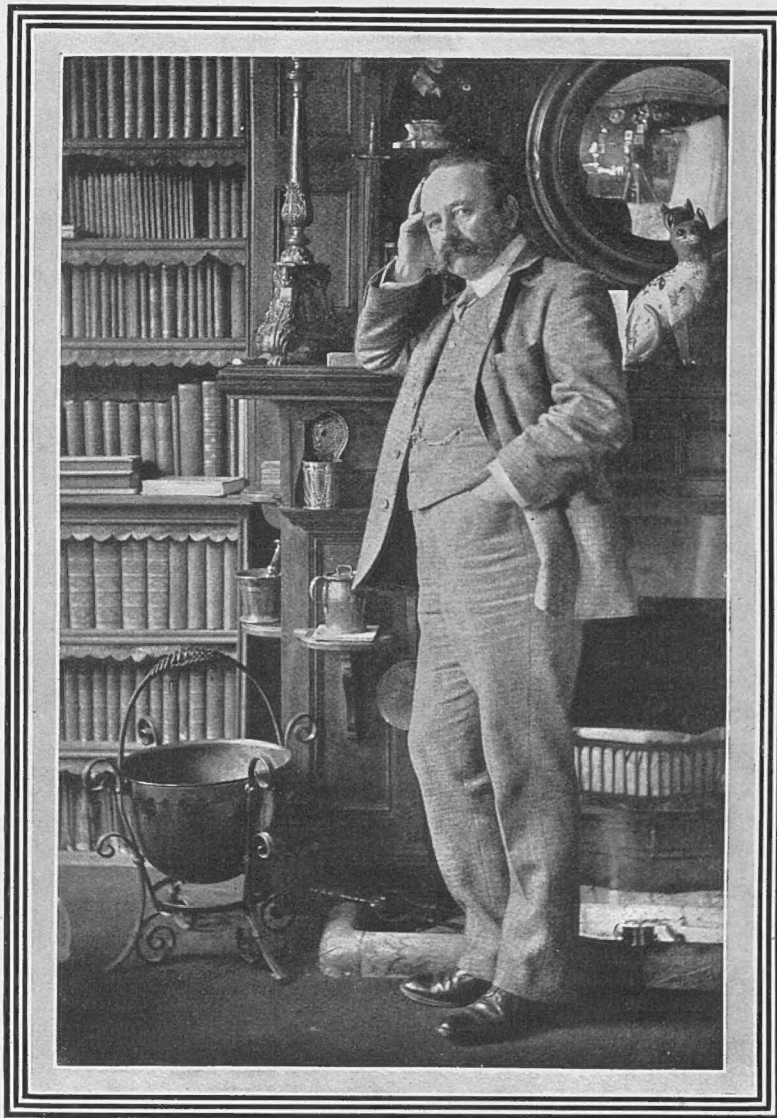
There are also special signals for shouts, cheers, groans, and laughter, which have to be taken up by the performers off the stage; but though I give them as a matter of precaution, there

is really no necessity, as the players all get to know them by heart.

In case anyone should by chance start to make his entrance before his time, I am provided with a megaphone, which enables me to speak to him without the audience being aware of the fact. I also use it at the rehearsals, as it enables my directions to be easily heard by everyone. Although no one five feet below me can hear what I say, my voice can easily be heard all over the ground.

Indeed, on certain rare occasions during the rehearsals, when the wind was blowing the right way, the words which issued from the megaphone were actually heard in the next village, at a distance of two miles, and the inhabitants declared that they sounded like distant thunder.

There is thus not much of an intricate nature in the arrangements, which, however, need careful attention all the time, and that purposeful concentration of effort which is essential for the smooth evolution of all stage performances—with this special difference, that the actors are not grouped together under the hand, as it were, of the stage director, but are scattered all over a large area of ground, out of earshot and out of the reach of the summons of the call-boy.



THE FATHER OF THE PAGEANT: MR. L. N. PARKER.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

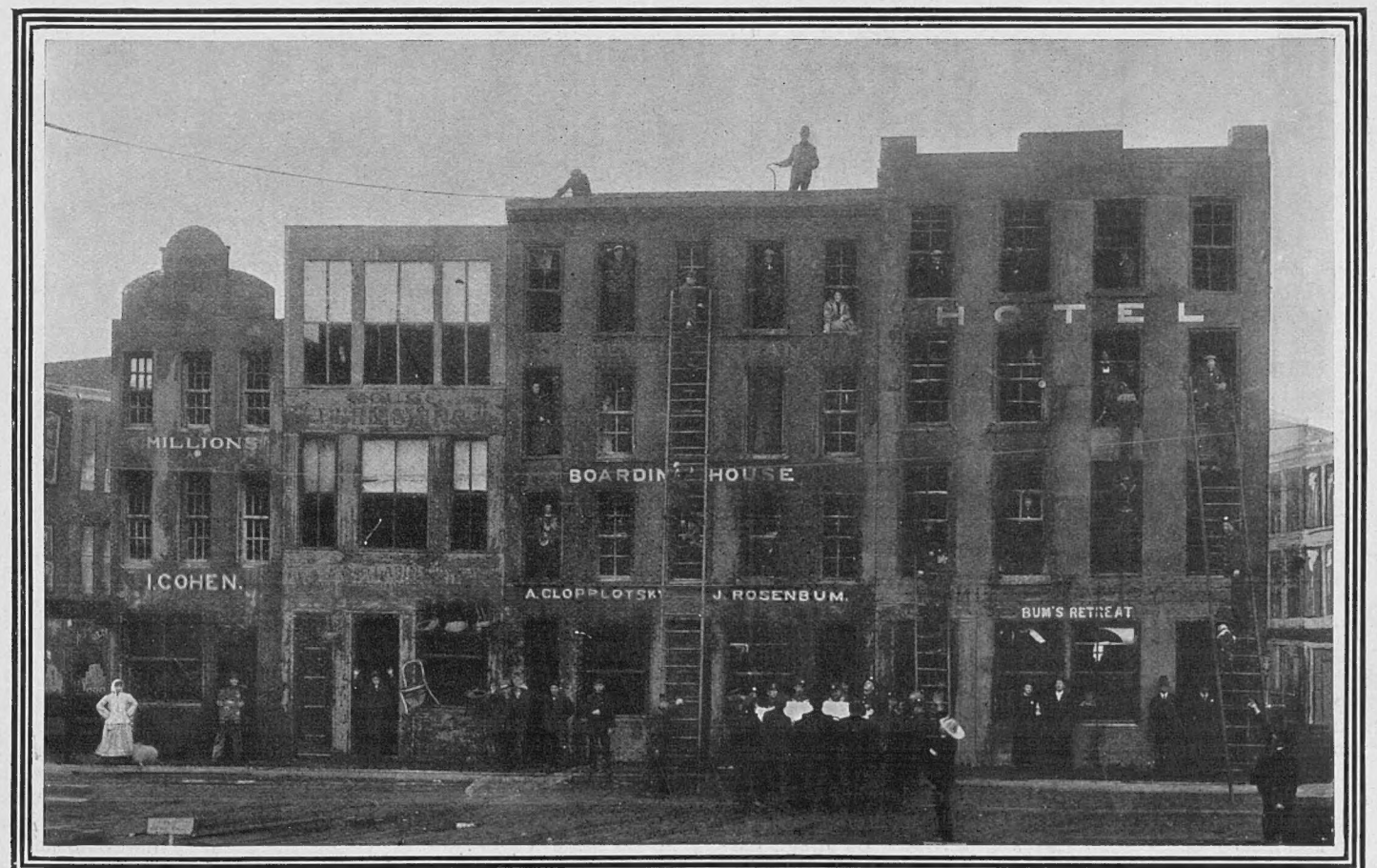


OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE QUAINTEST BOOKING-OFFICE IN THE WORLD: A PRIMITIVE STATION ON THE FIRST RAILWAY IN THE BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA PROTECTORATE.

The station buildings are built like native huts. Note the curious booking-office window. The railway begins at Port Herald, the station here shown, the head of navigation on Shiré River, an affluent of the Zambesi. The line runs by way of Chiromo to Blantyre, the centre of the coffee and corn producing district in the Shiré Highlands.



REALISM CARRIED TO EXCESS: BURNING A SHAM NEW YORK SLUM AS A SEASIDE RECREATION.

The great attraction of Wonderland Park, Revell Beach, Massachusetts, is a realistic representation of a fire in a New York slum. The house on the left of the dummy range of buildings is evidently a pawnbroker's, as it bears the inscription Millions—I. Cohen. Next door is a furniture shop, then a boarding-house, and last an hotel for tramps. The buildings are set on fire to all appearance, and the fire-brigade make exciting rescues.—[Photograph by the Boston Photo News Company.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE THREATENED AMERICAN COMBINE.

IN one of the evening papers, I read to-day—it was one of the pink papers for pale people—a paragraph in double-ledged type to the effect that an American person, whose name I have forgotten, is coming over here with twenty million pounds in his pockets to take possession of the theatres of London, which are to become part of a large Combine—the accent, I believe, is upon the "com," for "com." always plays a large part in such operations. Whether the whole of the twenty millions is to be spent in London or represents the capital of the entire enterprise I am uncertain. Whether the capture is to include suburban and provincial theatres (and there is even a suggestion of the inclusion of Continental theatres) is not clear; at any rate, the news is appalling, and even an announcement at the end of the paragraph that Mr. Somebody (another name that has escaped from my mind) is of opinion that this enterprise will be decidedly beneficial to art is not altogether reassuring. Of course, our theatres cannot fight against this kind of thing, particularly at a time when we Britishers are terribly slack: all our championships are going, and therefore our proud position as chief figure in Anglo-Saxon drama may very well vanish; it was but a little time ago that I saw it stated that the only championships our title to which remains at all safe are in hop-scotch, leap-frog, and shove-halfpenny.

There is a queer kink in our character, noticeable for centuries past, which renders it very difficult to ride over us—the sort of desperate national obstinacy that makes the Briton fight to his last gasp over some trifling question, hardly worth discussion, simply because he will not be sat upon. This kink—*snarl*—as American anglers call a kink—or noble characteristic has had an immense effect upon modern history. I can even imagine brave citizens grimly sitting through performances of intellectual plays which they do not understand, or like, as a protest against the absorption by foreigners of a national modern drama which bores our playgoers. It may even be that the Eccentric Club will attend Vedrenne-Barker shows as a protest. Of course, I do not mean to suggest anything against American drama, of which we have seen vast quantities this season.

Why should drama be the subject of this onslaught? No one forms associations to buy up all the British painters: English music is flourishing unprecedentedly and throwing off the Continental yoke. Despite mild efforts by the County Council to control our architects, new London is being built in the ante-Haussmann, haphazard manner which renders it picturesque. Our poets, novelists, and sculptors still are free, though the voice of the literary agent is heard in the land, and the sculptor's freedom is mainly a liberty to starve. Why, then, should we be threatened

with theatrical Trusts? Mr. Granville Barker gave us the pleasant news of the untruthfulness of the paragraph announcing his emigration to America, at a salary almost equal to that of an opera star or music-hall freak, to act as stage-manager to a New York theatre; but, still, we are uneasy, and every day I expect to see a paragraph stating that the Incorporated Stage Society, which has done brilliant work for us, is going to be re-incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey—where the fraudulent American companies come from. Nevertheless, I fancy that it will be very difficult to ride roughshod over us: the general civil law in the States

is the same as ours, from which it was borrowed; and I have found that in the arguments and judgments in American Courts it is often more easy to make a study of English common law on a particular point than in our own text-books or decided cases. Yet, with strange wisdom in what seems a happy-go-lucky way, we possess effective laws expressive of our deeply rooted national cravings for freedom, which render "this precious stone set in the silver sea" very unhealthy for the Trusts that have enslaved the United States.

As one of the little band of obstinate critics fighting for an ideal—crying, it may be, for the moon, striving for the success of what at the same time is the pampered child and the Cinderella of the arts, whose fairy godmother still holds aloof—I feel fairly confident that our drama will hold out. The last season has been doleful enough, and the financial problems for the theatres grow more embarrassing every year. Combination might do something—a legitimate combination. Mr. Granville Barker suggested that the difficulty of the manager's position lies largely in the question of oppressive rents and corresponding rates. It is a regrettable fact that the footlights attract

innumerable moths prepared to risk their wings, as a rule unfortunately, in really hopeless enterprises, the success of which would be deplorable. The rents, and therefore rates, of theatres have gone up without any relation to the general appreciation in value of London property. Playhouses have increased in value at least one hundred per cent. during a period in which the letting value of adjoining property of another description has altered very little. It would be a blessing if somebody were to build a dozen theatres on the vacant sites in Kingsway and Aldwych; they would all find tenants on terms giving a fair return upon the capital involved. This would have the twofold result of reducing rents all round and also of giving fair opportunities to many competent players who from time to time get splendid notices upon chance performances, and yet live close to starvation point. It would tend to force managers out of the beaten track and render it the more difficult for foreign speculators to collar our drama.



IN "THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY": MISS GRACE LANE, MR. EDWARD COMPTON'S LEADING LADY.

On July 29 Mr. Edward Compton produces "The Eighteenth Century," a fantastic play in three acts, at the St. James's Theatre. The part of Stacy Trevor-Coke (an heiress) will be played by Miss Grace Lane, who is now taking the part of Eve Lindon in "The Truth."—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

A PANTECHNICON FOR GIRAFFES.



A QUEER REMOVAL FOR A WILD BEAST.

SMALL TALK



MISS IRENE MORDAUNT,
Whose marriage with Mr. Robert Caradoc Hamilton, is fixed for to-day (July 24).
Photograph by Draycott.

the marriage of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer and Miss Margot Tennant, so notable a gathering will have been seen at any marriage associated with St. Stephen's as that which will grace to-morrow the most prominent political bridal of 1907.

To-Day's Smart Weddings. To-day's two smartest marriages may both be said to concern the baronetage. At Leverstoke will be celebrated the wedding of Miss Margery Portal, the daughter of Sir William and Lady Portal, and Mr. Geoffrey Rawstorne. Miss Margery Portal is very popular in the neighbourhood of Whitchurch, and she and her sister, now the Hon. Mrs. Charles Monck, are well known in the yachting world, for Sir William Portal has long been a member of the R.Y.S. This last week Sir William and Lady Portal were entertaining royalty in the person of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Miss Irene Mordaunt, who marries the eldest son of Sir Frederic Hamilton at Walton, Warwickshire, is the second of Sir Osbert Mordaunt's five sisters, and she is a half-sister of the young Marchioness of Bath. Sir Osbert, who is only two-and-twenty,

EACH year now has its interesting political bridal. In 1906 all politicians, whatever their opinions, united in wishing Mr. Austen Chamberlain the best of good luck; this year the engagement of Mr. Raymond Asquith crowned what is known to have been a long romance, and to-morrow (25th) he and the beautiful Miss Katherine Horner will be made man and wife at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride's own home, Mells Park, Somerset, is famed for its hospitality to members of each of the great political parties. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Haldane are both intimates of the house, and it may be doubted if, since

splendid jewels, which, while steadily mounting in value, can glorify and beautify their proud owners in a sense no other security can hope to do. Pearls have especially risen in price of late years, and so have all really fine specimen stones. Private buyers now crowd those auction-rooms where jewels are offered for disposal, and some of our most noted fashionable beauties are excellent judges of both pearls and gems.

A Tribute to Leviathan. The awful death of poor diver Trapnel has set us all to deep thinking. How did they manage their diving in the old days, when they re-

covered more treasure from the sunken galleon than seekers for submerged spoil now dream of? And how does the pearl-diver manage it with his meagre equipment of nose-clip and cots for his fingers? The supreme diver of the world is still the whale. A fish which is accustomed to swim in the upper currents of the ocean dies if forced down; those which have their habitation in the middle depths, when brought to the surface, incontinently burst. But brave old Leviathan, when the cry goes up, "There she blows!" dives to depths in which the human frame would instantly pulp. A scientific observer is able to tell us that the whale shoots down perpendicularly from 4200 to 4800 feet. That means that it has to withstand, spread over its whole carcase, a pressure of 211,201 tons, or a little over 137 tons to the square inch. Mankind cannot match that—yet.



MISS KATHERINE HORNER,
Whose marriage with Mr. Raymond Asquith takes place to-morrow (July 25).
Photograph by Beresford.

acts as host on the occasion of his sister's wedding.

The Gem Investments of Great Ladies.

The curious law-case concerning the ultimate possession of many valuable pearls once owned by the late Duchess of Sermoneta brings forward the fact that a great deal of money is each year actually invested in precious stones. In these days jewellers make their profits out of small, and apparently insignificant, customers, for the moment large sums are being paid for gems the buyers are determined to receive full value. Many great ladies invest the surplus of their own incomes and pin-money in

an early triumph of Lord Russell of Killowen. It is interesting to note that Russell's biographer puts two other Irishmen—Sullivan and Armstrong (afterwards Master of the Rolls in Ireland) on equal terms with Russell as the greatest cross-examiners of the nineteenth century. Armstrong's method would have answered to perfection in America. It might not have done so well in England. "What about the dog?" he asked a handwriting expert. "I don't understand," said the witness. Armstrong repeated his question deliberately. "My Lord, I do not understand what he means," came the protest from the witness-box. "Nor do I," said the Judge. "What dog do you mean?" pleaded the expert. "The dog that Chief Baron Pigott said he would not hang on your evidence!" thundered the victorious Armstrong.



MR. ROBERT CARADOC HAMILTON,
Whose marriage with Miss Irene Mordaunt is fixed for to-day (July 24).
Photograph by Weston.

Concerning that Dog. The Liverpool Court in which Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Rufus Isaacs faced each other last week was the scene of many



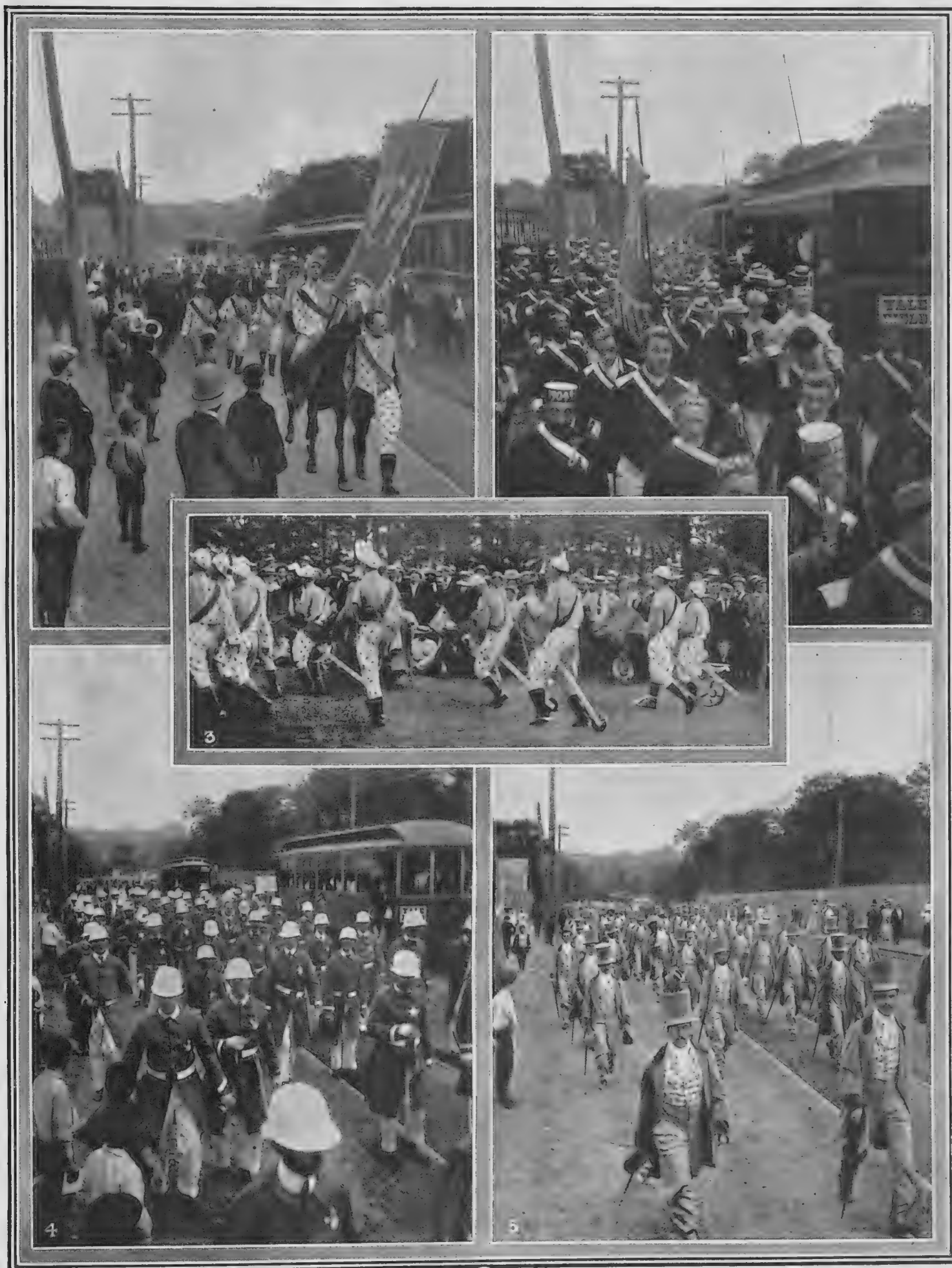
MISS MARGERY PORTAL,
Marrying Mr. Geoffrey Rawstorne July 24.
Photograph by Bullingham.



MR. GEOFFREY RAWSTORNE,
Marrying Miss Margery Portal to-day (July 24).
Photograph by Mayall.

AN ABSURD "COMMEM.": A BAD EXAMPLE FOR OXFORD.

HOW THE AMERICAN GRADUATES CELEBRATE CLASS REUNIONS ON REVISITING YALE.



1. THE CLASS OF 1904 DRESSED AS JOCKEYS.

3. THE JOCKEYS IN THE ZIGZAG DANCE.

2. SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN: THE CLASS OF 1904.

4. THE CLASS OF 1901 AS POLICEMEN.

5. BEAU BRUMMELLS: THE CLASS OF 1897.

When old American students return to hold a class reunion they behave in a way that would shock the dignity of Oxford. The men of different years choose some grotesque costume as a uniform, which is worn by each man in the procession to the playing-fields, where they perform an idiotic zigzag dance.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.



A BRITISH MINISTER INJURED IN A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT: SIR ARTHUR HERBERT.

Sir Arthur Herbert, the British Minister to Norway, has been severely injured in a carriage accident while he was travelling between Bergen and Christiania.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

concerned with all that affects our great mining industry. Now, thanks to King Edward's universal sympathy with human suffering and achievements, those miners who, by presence of mind and personal pluck, avert or remedy disaster will be able to earn a tangible proof of how their heroic conduct in circumstances of peculiar horror and danger is regarded by their fellow-countrymen.

A Short Engagement.

Viscount Tiverton and his pretty bride-elect, Miss Esmé Wallace, will have an exceptionally short engagement, for they are to be married in August. The only son of the ex-Lord Chancellor, he is, in spite of his youth, extremely versatile. Not content with being a first-rate actor—he was at Oxford a prominent member of the O.U.D.S.—he is also author of an amusing farce, called "Naughty Nancy," which, however, he produced under the quaint pen-name of "Oliver Bath." Like most modern elder sons, Lord Tiverton spent part of his early youth in travelling, and he is one of a brilliant group of young Englishmen, all future Peers, who are intimately acquainted with Russia. Miss Wallace is the daughter, by a first marriage, of



MISS ESMÉ WALLACE, ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT TIVERTON.

Photograph by Thomson.

Lady Duff Gordon, known to a large and appreciative circle as "Madame Lucille," most successful of Court dressmakers. The future Lady Tiverton is niece to Mrs. Glyn, who, becoming famous as the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," is once more arousing much discussion as the writer of "Three Weeks."

Our Minister to Norway.

The diplomatic world is much concerned with the bad accident which lately occurred to Sir Arthur Herbert. Sir Arthur, like so many modern diplomats, is a Roman Catholic, and a grandson of

the famous Lady Llanover who presented our Sovereign, when he was Prince of Wales, each year with a silver leek. Sir Arthur has had a remarkable career, and he perhaps owes his early promotion—for he is still much on the sunny side of fifty—to the fact that he early made himself master of two most difficult languages—Russian and Persian. Lady Herbert, who was with her husband when the serious carriage accident took place—but who escaped without any injury,

whereas he had three ribs broken—

is an American. They have both taken kindly to life in Norway, and have a charming country house there, where they indulge in all the national Norwegian sports, notably skating and skiing.

The Honourable Stoker.

The sons and heirs of peers have never been backward in the matter of vigorous manual labour, but then it was labour connected, as a rule, with some form of sport. The Hon. Francis Patrick Clements, brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Leitrim, has gone one step further; he "signed on" as stoker on the great American liner, *St. Louis*, but when doing so he adopted the rather curious pseudonym of "Sloan." Mr. Clements was at one time in the Navy; he is fond of the sea, and wishing, apparently, to make his living in the way most attractive to him, he deliberately chose that of stoker in preference to seeking the kind of "jobs" which wealthy financiers seem always to have at the disposal of younger sons.

Mr. Clements comes of an adventurous family; his elder brother, the present Lord Leitrim, is one of the most energetic of our younger Peers; he did well in South Africa, and since his return he has settled down on his Irish land, where he has won golden opinions by the successful efforts he has made to popularise motor-cars in the Green Isle. Mr. Clements is also very much liked on his brother's Donegal estate, and the news of his new profession—for so he would doubtless call it—has aroused great interest. According to Lord Leitrim, the latest aristocratic addition to the horny-handed sons of toil is actuated by an honest wish to earn his own living; he knows America well, and intends to settle there.



LADY HERBERT, WIFE OF SIR ARTHUR HERBERT, THE BRITISH MINISTER TO NORWAY.

Lady Herbert is one of the many popular and accomplished Americans in English Society. She was Miss Ellen L. Gammell, of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



VISCOUNT TIVERTON, ENGAGED TO MISS ESMÉ WALLACE.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE HONOURABLE STOKER: HON. F. P. CLEMENTS, BROTHER OF LORD LEITRIM.

Photograph by Mentor and Co.

SUM-LIGHT ON THE CASE OF SOAP.



A LIBEL ON THE LABEL.

THE SHORT 'UN: What's a libel, Bill?

THE LONG 'UN: Something to stick on a box of soap.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Copyright
Poses.

The representation of classical subjects was quite safe—from the copyright view, of course—but representation of modern subjects is a different matter. An action upon such lines may fail to-day, yet

win to-morrow in a higher Court. A most curious case was fought when the Empire was showing "living pictures" a few years ago. The management prettily utilised the *idea*, without any pretence at exact reproduction, of certain popular paintings. Very effective it was, and not a word of censure was uttered. But then a newspaper came along, and printed in its pages a picture of the tableaux. At that up rose the owner of the original pictures, saying, "You have infringed my copyright, and must pay." Any plea more ingenious could not well be conceived. The case went before the Master of the Rolls, and the plaintiff made a good fight of it. But the logical mind of Lord Esher was proof against such argument, and there was no addition to the horrid maze of copyright complications.

What the G.O.M. Saw.

The recent re-telling in print of "real" historical ghoststories will scarcely have increased the number of converts to belief in the occult. It is probable that Gladstone would have received such stories



RECORDING SUNSHINE AT LAST BY THE
BURNING-GLASS.

At the Royal Horticultural Society's new experimental station at Wisley, in Surrey, the sunshine is recorded by a burning-glass. The lens is a perfect sphere, so that when the sun shines the glass projects a focal point upon a piece of paper placed behind the glass, no matter at what angle the sun is. During the duration of the sunshine the paper is burnt; when the sky becomes overcast the burning ceases. The burnt line gives the periods of sunshine.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

with an open mind, for he once had an "experience" himself. He had an old and valued servant who, for some unaccountable reason, broke away from his old traditions and took to drink. Suddenly he decamped. The next morning Gladstone thought he saw the man waiting at the breakfast table, and asked the butler if it were not the fact that the man was there. Of course, the reply was in the negative. Soon afterwards news was brought to the house that the man had committed suicide. Gladstone used to say that though he had no reason to believe that his mistake occurred at the actual moment of the man's death, still it was the only occasion in his life on which he had been the victim of an ocular delusion.

A Dear Lot.

The big prices which old china and porcelain have recently been realising under the hammer must make keepers of uncherished collections anxious to get their treasures on to the market while prices hold good. But there is danger in china, as in other things, placed in the way of the inexperienced. When the late Lord Spencer, viewing the treasures of which he had become possessed, bethought himself to increase their number, he went to a dealer of repute. "Here is a fine bit of pottery," said the man, "and your Lordship shall have it very cheap." He named the number of guineas at which he was

prepared to let it go. Lord Spencer, proud of having made a "find," readily bought, and carried it home. Thither came a connoisseur to inspect the treasure. "Umph! the marmalade should have been included at the price you paid," he said. Marmalade supplied the clue. The bit of old china was a marmalade-pot, with a splash-dash thistle painted on the side.

What Will He Do
With It?

After Sir John Kirk, Sir W. S. Crossman, the worthy stonemason, Lord Mayor of Cardiff, whom the King recently knighted. If the King had had the power at the time, it is not unlikely that he would have knighted another stonemason, in Mr. Henry Broadhurst, whom some years ago he royally entertained at Sandringham. The newest addition to the roll will probably agree with Mr. Chesterton that knighthood is the finest of all the Orders. Yet some men have feared it. Bright, when his wife proved disputatious, used to threaten that he would get Gladstone to have him knighted. "Nay, John, anything but that," she would plead. And rare Adam Black, in the little shop in which he built up the business of the great publishing house, would give the reasons why he respectfully declined the honour. "It wad never do," he said, "to have laddies comin' into the shop, sayin', 'Sir Adam, I'll tak' a penny-worth o' pens.'"

The Unexpected.

To the man in the street who does not care much about party manoeuvres, there may seem a little waste of time in Resolutions proposed by the Government which they know they can pass, and Votes by the Opposition which they are just as certain that they cannot pass. Of course there is always the chance of a miracle: that a member of the Government may convict his own side, or the Opposition convert opponents to unlikely ways of thinking. But this is a two-edged hazard, as Lord Rosebery once showed. When the Liberal Government was last in power they sent up a great measure to the House of Lords. Now, two friends of Lord Rosebery went down to the House of Lords, intending, Tories though they were, to vote for the Radical measure. "But," says Lord Rosebery, "a leading member of the Government rose and delivered from the Treasury Bench so powerful a speech in its advocacy that when he sat down my two friends determined to vote against the Bill." If that warning were always in the minds of Ministerialists and members of the Opposition, business might proceed with greater speed.



A RESTLESS STATUE: THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL
TO BE PLACED BY THE VOTE OF THE CITIZENS
OF PHILADELPHIA.

The statue of President McKinley, recently completed in New York for erection in Philadelphia, has not yet found a site. So many suggestions have been made as to the best place for it that the authorities are at their wits' end. They have decided to leave the matter to the vote of the citizens. A plaster model has been made, and this is being set up temporarily in different parts of the city to give the people an opportunity of saying which position they think best.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

IF THE WORLD WERE UPSIDE DOWN.
LIKE FLIES ON THE CEILING.



1. HUMAN FLIES IN THE STREET.

2. A CRUSHING VIEW OF THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

3. A SMALL BOY RIDING A DOG.

4. MIXED UP WITH HIS FOOD: BREAKFAST IN THE GARDEN.

5. FISHERMEN ON THE RIVER WALL OF THE SEINE.

Anyone who holds this page above his head will be struck by the extraordinary likeness of the figures to flies on a ceiling. It makes one quite dizzy. Those who have climbed a high tower or looked down from a balloon know how extremely odd is the appearance of the human pedestrian. The photographs which catch and fix the attitude at a given moment make humanity look even more amusing.

Photographs by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE extraordinary facility of impersonation possessed by Mr. Henri de Vries, who celebrates the thousandth performance of "A Case of Arson" this (Wednesday) evening, when he gives his last performance before his holiday, stood him in good stead when he was playing in that piece during his last visit to New York. One evening, shortly after arriving at the theatre, he received a card from a man who, he knew, had the reputation of being a "crook," and, he had reason to believe, would try to defraud him. It was important that Mr. de Vries should convict the man out of his own mouth. He therefore made his valet give him the frock-coat he wears as the old man in the play, and, hastily putting on a grey wig, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and a pair of white whiskers, he soon transformed himself out of all resemblance to himself. Then he turned out the electric lights in the room, leaving only two alight on his dressing-table, the reflectors so placed that they would throw most of the light on the face of the man sitting in the chair by the table. He himself went to the far end of the room and sat in an armchair where he was in shadow. The valet, having been instructed in his part, then showed the "crook" into the room, and told him and the white-haired, white-whiskered old gentleman whom he saw there that Mr. de Vries would be back in about ten minutes. The white-haired old gentleman was very affable, and began talking to the visitor. Gradually he unfolded that he had a scheme for "doing" the actor, and little by little he indicated the reasons he had for hoping he would succeed. Confidence begets confidence, and warmed by the presence, as he thought, of another member of the light-fingered fraternity, the "crook" in his turn began to confess the plot he had conceived for defrauding the actor. When Mr. de Vries had enough evidence against him he got up, took off his spectacles, his wig, and his whiskers, and, revealing himself in his real character, ordered the man out of his room. It was an order he did not have to repeat. Mr. de Vries's figure suggests more than ordinary physical strength, and the man went like the traditional "streak of

greased lightning," and, it need hardly be said, did not trouble him any more.

Mrs. Henri de Vries, who is known on the stage as Miss Dorothy Drake, and will be remembered by, among other impersonations, a remarkable performance in "Glittering Gloria," was once the victim of one of those accidents which prove that acting is not always make-believe. It happened while she was playing the juvenile lead in "The Worst Woman in London" at the Adelphi. The adventuress had to attack her, first with a knife, then with a revolver, and finally by throw-

ing plates at her. Unfortunately, during a matinée a thick china plate was thrown with such force that it cut open Miss Drake's cheek, making a deep wound so long that, after the performance, six stitches had to be put into it. Miss Drake finished the scene by pulling her hair down and over the wound, thus partly hiding the blood from the audience. When she got home from the surgeon's—for, of course, she was not able to play that evening—she found a telegram from her mother, who lived some distance away, asking if she was badly hurt. Immediately jumping to the conclusion that some account of the accident must be in the evening papers, Miss Drake sent out for all of them. There was not a single reference to her. Later, she discovered that her mother had learned of the matter through a friend who was present at the performance. He described the incident of the play as being very realistic, which it undoubtedly was, but did not realise that it was an accident. The description, however, was quite sufficient to convince Miss Drake's mother of the exact state of affairs.

Mr. Hubert Druce, who reopened the Royalty Theatre yesterday (Tuesday) evening, might be called the actor-manager of renunciations. He always promised himself three things when ever the day came which would place him in his present position: he would not play himself, he would not produce a farce, and his wife, Miss Frances Dillon, should act the leading character. At the Royalty, Mr. Druce does play, he is producing a farce, and there is no part in it for Miss Dillon. As an actor, Mr. Druce has had a wide experience not only in London and in England, but in the United States and in South Africa. On one occasion, while playing one of the leading parts in "The Fatal Card," in the provinces, the company acted in a theatre the stage of which was very old. At the end of the play there is an explosion, which kills the villain, and Mr. Druce, in his character, had to point to the dead man and say under his breath, in a very impressive way, to the hero and heroine, "Hush, he's dead!" One night, however, the explosion was more violent than usual, and it caused a trap-door to open under the tightly stretched stage-cloth just behind the place where the dead villain was lying. In accordance with the business which was arranged, Mr. Druce advanced to the dead man. The moment he stepped on the place where the trap-door was—or ought to have been—his weight caused the stage-cloth to tear, and, to the amazement of the audience, he disappeared, falling some ten or twelve feet into the cellar, and, almost miraculously, without hurting himself. His disappearance was so sudden that the dead actor, who had naturally noticed the unusual force of the explosion, was resuscitated, and jumping up, exclaimed, "Great heavens, where's Druce?" The situation on which the curtain descended that night was decidedly different from usual.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston, the author of "The Pocket Miss Hercules," produced last night at the Royalty, is the only dramatist the Orkney Islands have given to London in a century and a quarter. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a play by an Orkney author named Smith was produced at Drury Lane, but was incontrovertibly damned outright. Mr. Storer Clouston is another member of the Oxford contingent, for he was educated at Magdalen. Strangely enough, however, for a man who was always wishing to be connected with the theatre, he never did any acting with the O.U.D.S. His last year at the University was spent in writing a comic opera, and his first year after he was called to the Bar in rewriting that work; but that was the last that was ever heard of it. As briefs did not roll in rapidly to the young barrister, he determined to spend his time in authorship.



HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE STAGE OF LIFE: A POSTCARD SENT BY MRS. CHIRGWIN TO HER FRIENDS.



THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD," AND HER DOG PUNCH.

Miss Harriet Jay, who writes under the name of Charles Marlowe, is the author of the enormously successful farce, "When Knights Were Bold," in which Mr. James Welch is appearing at Wyndham's Theatre.

Photograph by Boyd.

ing plates at her. Unfortunately, during a matinée a thick china plate was thrown with such force that it cut open Miss Drake's cheek, making a deep wound so long that, after the performance, six stitches had to be put into it. Miss Drake finished the scene by pulling her hair down and over the wound, thus partly hiding the blood from the audience. When she got home from the surgeon's—for, of course, she was not able to play that evening—

THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.



"WHIP BEHIND!"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"ORION"—nearly, if not quite, the longest poem in the English language—is hardly interesting to-day, except for the accessory fact that it was huffily sold at one farthing a copy. At that price the public, who had shown no signs of buying at the first full quotation, snapped up three editions, and made a profit when it came to selling its poetry as waste-paper. But Horne, whose "New Spirit of the Age" is, I see, now republished, has his chief interest for us in the high opinion in which he was held by his friends. An intimate of the Brownings, he is spoken of by them in their letters as a man of infallible and inspiring judgment, but while I can lay my hand on a dozen such allusions to his powers, the only piece of actual criticism of his own which I have on my shelves would be repudiated as absurd by every one of his testimonial-givers.

Writes "R. B." in a letter to "E. B. B.": "Now, let me never pass occasion of speaking well of Horne, who deserves your opinion of him—it is my own, too. He has unmistakable genius, and is a fine, honest, enthusiastic, chivalrous fellow. I feel grateful to him, I know, for his generous criticism; am glad and proud of in any way approaching such a man's standard of poetical height." Let those adjectives of Browning's be noted, for they are difficult of acceptance, even to the point of marvel. And let them be followed by Horne's autograph marginal notes to an anonymous poem in a magazine before me. The poet has just written of the nail of the Cross as thirsting for blood: "And the blood was God's." Horne's comment is: "Bigoted old jargon, and at this time of day!—R. H. H." And, further on, also bolstered up with the authority of his initials, I read: "Scarcely English, scarcely intelligible—old monkish balderdash!" And so run on other expressions of contempt from Browning's generous, chivalrous, enthusiastic critic, who perhaps would have been more generous, chivalrous, and enthusiastic had he known that the poem before him, "The Song of Theodolinda," would one day be counted among the mightiest achievements of George Meredith's mighty pen.

England has so long been kind to other people's rebels that it is hardly a surprise to find her pensioning her own. But if Mr. John Davidson has been called the Nietzsche of the Strand (a title he has repudiated), he is, but a step further on, the very true poet of Fleet Street. Indeed, his favourite Muse has been a Cockney; and he has done well by the house-scape and the street-scape of London. Only, what of Mr. Davidson's geography? I have often tried to visualise his—

Sunset, welling like a crimson fount
Underneath the Marble Arch.

But neither by looking to the south or to the north can I contrive to invest that dingy architecture with this incarnadined glory. When the Marble Arch stood as the chief entrance to Buckingham Palace, conceivably then Mr. Davidson's picture might be a true one; but in those days he was as far away from Buckingham Palace as he has always hitherto seemed to be himself distant from his country's approbation and support.

The *Academy* did not find itself laughing at Mark Twain, Literary Doctor, while he was lately the nation's guest. But the leader-writers tell us he has "made the world laugh again" by his visit to England. Is it really true that his few mild repartees, his professional good-humour, and his charm of manner have so greatly added to the gaiety of nations? We are a marvellously grateful people for small mercies in the way of wit, especially, perhaps, the wit that comes from the West. But "A. D.," in the *Academy*, will not join in the chorus. He does not see where Mark Twain hitches on to literature at all. He is angry with Oxford—no, not really angry, rather amused. That is well, for, in one way or another, all of us have in that case our amusement out of Mark Twain.

Ouida, writer of briskly selling books, has, of course, no call to be poor; and, what is stranger, no right to be old. Ouida nearly eighty? Nonsense! She must not be named Ouida in that connection, but Mlle. de la Ramée. Ouida is not immortal at all if she is not immortally young. She has written a great deal that is unworthy, a great deal of trash, and, worse than all, a little that is malicious. Her bitter attack, for example, on a well-known woman, in "Friendship," is at once without parallel and without excuse. All the same, the world regrets that Ouida herself has had hard knocks from fortune. It will reverse the common order, and will forgive Ouida before it forgets her.

The late Lord Houghton was not really so gallant a man as a poet and a Young Englander ought to be. He had his cynical side, and this must have come uppermost one day at a déjeuner at which he met Ouida, then in her heyday. He was talking about books, and then, in an aside, said to a friend, "Don't tell her about mine—she may want to come and see them!" This was Lord Houghton's way of expressing the feeling, common then, but hardly held now, that Ouida was a dangerous writer,

though how or why a man who had collected a number of naughty books could feel that to be an objection against her one does not know. The charge of impropriety against a writer, like the charge of obscurity, seems inevitable where new ground is broken; but it frequently loses all validity as time passes. "We have both written naughty books," said someone to Charlotte Brontë. It was not Ouida, but, by reason of both her years and her achievements, it might have been.

It used to be said that a peer's son could not be a barrister. Since Disraeli made the chronicle of this Bar against Honourables, it has been removed. And what about publishers? Publishers are made peers to-day—at least, one publisher has been, and another is likely to be. But publishing has not yet become a very favourite profession with "younger sons"; and the *Publishers' Circular* has not often to record a wedding so smart as that of Mr. John Buchan (now a partner in the old house of Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons) with Miss Susan Grosvenor, niece of Lord Ebury. Mr. Buchan is to be added to the list of publishers who are also journalists and authors.

M. E.



A SUGGESTED COVER FOR A POPULAR SONG: "EVERYBODY'S LOVED BY SOMEONE."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

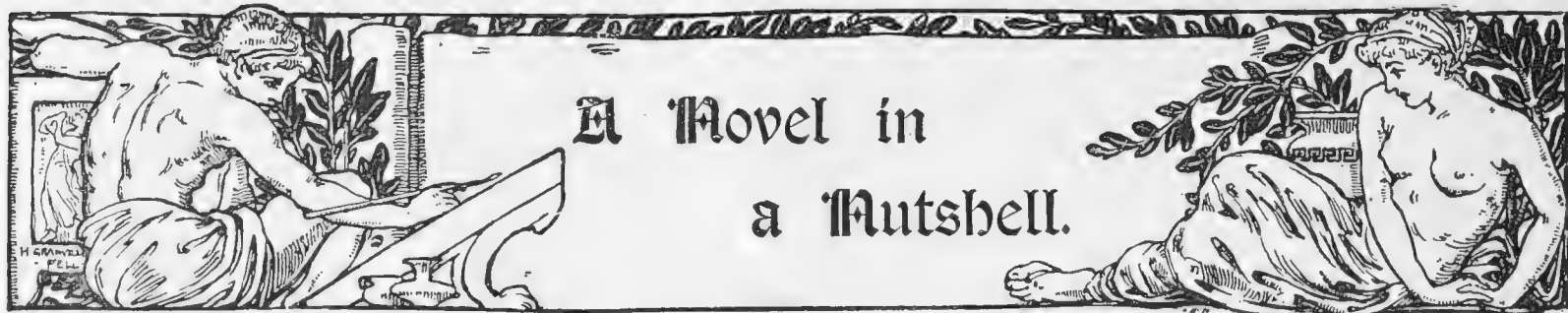
THE BITTER AND THE BITE.



PODKINS: Hi, you fellows! Help! Help! There's something on my line!

PUNTER (who had settled down to beer and biscuits): Confound you, Podkins!—trust you to go and spoil a day's fishing!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE MINSTREL AND THE MAID.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

"THE worst of it is," remarked the Minstrel thoughtfully, "that this mysterious business lands a fellow—a modest fellow, like, er—well, like most fellows are, you know—in positions where his native modesty is apt to be so decidedly embarrassed."

"But," suggested his companion in a gentle tone, "it must be so delightful, so dignified, to feel that you are a Mystery! I should have thought a man—even a modest man, like, er—well, like most men are, of course—would be willing to tolerate the trifling discomfort of having his modesty outraged by the—what shall I call it?—impertinent attentions of his fair admirers, in return for the satisfaction of being called a Mysterious Minstrel!"

"No," said the Minstrel, weighing the epithet carefully, "I shouldn't call it impertinent—not exactly impertinent, perhaps. Say, rather, injudicious."

The Maid gave a soft laugh.

"Yes, that's a better word: It implies the risks run by the—fair admirers, doesn't it?"

The Minstrel looked at her.

"It's odd," he murmured, ignoring her query, "but I seem somehow to have seen you before."

"My aunt and I," explained the Maid hastily, "have been regular attendants at your morning performances on the beach."

"Ah—so good of you," said the Minstrel, tilting his straw hat over his eyes. "Everybody down here—by the way, what a charming place it is!—has been so good, so appreciative. It's a positive pleasure to sing to such—such intelligent people."

"It must be," agreed the Maid demurely.

The Minstrel raised himself on his elbow, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him. They were sitting—or rather, the Maid was sitting, a dainty parasol poised over her graceful head, and the Minstrel was reclining at full length—on the beach just below the line of bathing-machines; the tide was at the ebb, the sun making its way leisurely towards the horizon, the hour about six on an August afternoon, the place a fashionable watering-resort on the South Coast.

"By the way," remarked the Minstrel—"your aunt."

"Yes?" said the Maid, lifting her eyebrows.

"An excellent, charming woman," said the Minstrel, "but what are her views on the subject of our somewhat irregular acquaintance?"

"Oh," said the Maid with a short laugh, "she—she was naturally rather shocked, of course."

"Naturally—she would be," assented the Minstrel. "Aunts always are. I am not surprised. I was rather shocked myself—at first."

"At first?"

The Maid's eyes dwelt upon him with a look of quiet amusement from under the edge of her parasol.

"At first?" she repeated softly.

"When young and pretty ladies began to shower their attentions upon me," he explained, "I got accustomed to it—in about three days. Let me see—it was the fourth day, I think, that you did me the honour to smile at me while I was singing 'The Old Apple-Tree.'"

"It was so funny," said the Maid in a tone of contrition.

"Funny—what was funny?" he demanded.

"The—the idea of the—well, of 'The Old Apple-Tree'—and all that, you know," she replied in some confusion.

"Oh, I see," said the Minstrel. "I admit the idea is a trifle far-fetched, but the melody is praiseworthy. I thought you were smiling at me."

"And so you took the liberty of raising your hat to me as we were coming away?"

"It was the least I could do," said the Minstrel, with the air of having performed an obvious duty with credit. "You bowed in return."

"I could do no less!" the Maid retorted. "Besides," she added a little stiffly, "I could see you were a gentleman—although a very young one."

"I beg your pardon. I am twenty-five next birthday," said the Minstrel. "You yourself cannot be more than twenty-one. Permit me to say you should really be more careful in future how you contract acquaintances with strangers on the sands. It so happens that in this particular instance you were fortunate enough to chance upon a gentleman of unblemished reputation and manners."

"Oh, I could see that, too—at a glance!" smiled the Maid.

The Minstrel nodded, as at a self-evident proposition.

"I was beginning to feel the need of a congenial companion," he observed. "I am glad you smiled at me that morning."

"I didn't," protested the Maid.

"Well, I thought you did," rejoined the Minstrel unblushingly—"which amounts to the same thing. It was most thoughtful and considerate of your aunt to go home first. I don't think I could have faced her, too!"

"No?" said the Maid.

"No," repeated the Minstrel. "A charming, excellent woman, I am sure, but just a little—forbidding."

"How dare you call my aunt names?" exclaimed the Maid, reddening.

"I retract the epithet!" said the Minstrel briskly. "She has not forbidden our acquaintance, at any rate. A most delightful, charming woman—you must introduce me to her, please."

She turned her full lustrous eyes upon him with a glance of amused wonder.

"What a remarkably ingenuous boy you are!" she said.

"I don't mind being called names a bit—by you," replied the Minstrel equably. "Besides, you are young enough to play the matron with effect. It's rather chic, in fact—like a baby pretending to be an elephant, you know."

"I fail to see the least connection," said the Maid, drawing herself up.

"Well, there's not much, certainly," admitted the Minstrel, after a moment's reflection. "I merely meant to imply that it was about equally absurd for a baby to pretend to be an elephant as for you to pretend to be old enough to call me a boy."

"Women are much older than men," she explained darkly. "Besides, you don't look more than eighteen."

"That's part of the Mysteriousness," said the Minstrel. "We all have to disguise our real identities as far as possible, you see. It would never do for any of us to be recognised. You would simply be astounded if you knew who we were."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Maid, arching her eyebrows into an expression of mock horror. "Are you all so—so very dreadful, then?"

"Well, we are not burglars—or escaped convicts, if that's what you mean," retorted the Minstrel, a little huffily.

"Oh, it would be so delightful if you were," she cried.

"I disagree with you entirely," said the Minstrel. "There would be the constant fear of recapture, to begin with, and that would be quite destructive of artistic effort."

"But even as it is," persisted the Maid, "do you not find the perpetual fear of being discovered—"

"Discovered?" said the Minstrel.

"I mean found out—identified—you must all live in terror of that, don't you?"

"Not exactly terror," replied the Minstrel conscientiously. "But there is, of course, a gnawing anxiety arising from the ever-present apprehension of being spotted."

"Being—what?" asked the Maid.

"Spotted—identified as you call it. Someone, you see, might turn up here at any moment who knew one of us, and then—"

"Then?" cooed the Maid.

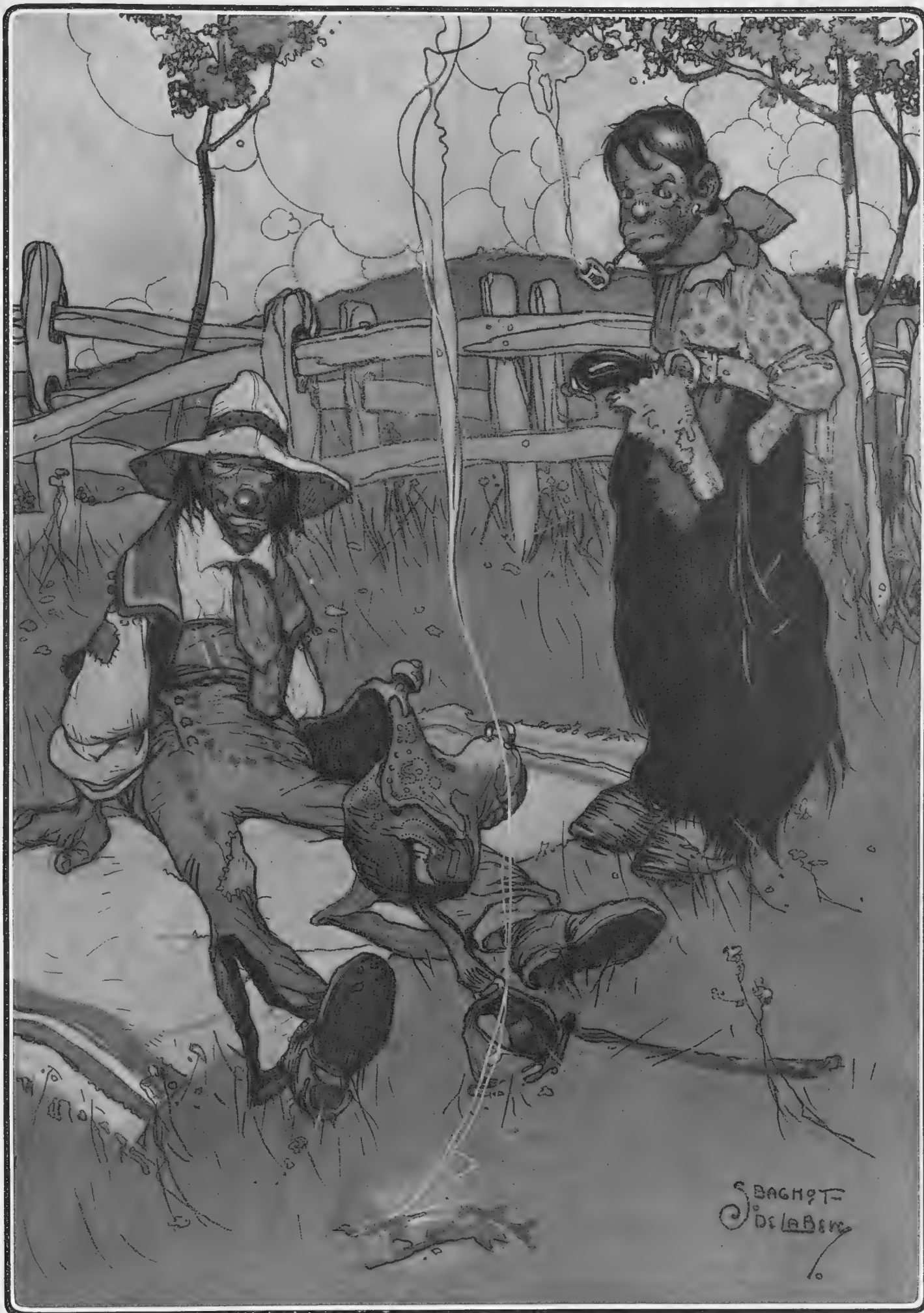
"Oh, then the fat would be in the fire—I mean there would be the dickens to pay—infuriated relatives, social ostracism, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Would your relatives really be infuriated if they discovered that you were a Mysterious Minstrel?"

"Infuriated? Why, the governor—my father, that is—would

[Continued overleaf]

A DIS-CARD.



THE WAY OF REFORMERS IS HARD.

THE GREAZER: Some of the boys was buryin' young Soaper this mornin'.

INDIAN PETE: Yes; he was losin' a bit to the Sheriff at euchre last night, and was fool enough to try to interduce a new rule.

THE GREAZER: You don't say?

INDIAN PETE: Fact. Wanted to make out as there shouldn't never be mor'n four aces in a pack!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

disinherit me!" exclaimed the Minstrel with solemn conviction. "He has no sense of humour whatever."

"Indeed, it seems to be a terrible risk you are running," she murmured sympathetically.

The Minstrel nodded a tragic assent.

"It is a risk, of course," he admitted, while reflecting on the extreme improbability of the paternal inheritance extending beyond an attack or two of gout in his old age.

"And if you were—disinherited, you would be a poor man—perhaps?" she hazarded timidly.

"A church mouse would be a comparatively wealthy rodent," said the Minstrel with emphasis.

"And you might—under those distressing circumstances, perhaps—who knows?—be tempted to marry some rich woman for money instead of—love?"

The Maid's voice sank to a bashful whisper on the last word, as she watched as much of the Minstrel's face as was visible from under the brim of his straw hat.

"If a rich woman were to come my way—even now," admitted the Minstrel, "I wouldn't positively swear that I should reject a proposal from her without duly considering it."

"Yet," continued the Maid speculatively, "you must have had many opportunities. With your title—"

"My title?" echoed the Minstrel, suddenly jerking his hat back.

The Maid met his puzzled gaze with a look of bland delight.

"It's no use," she cried exultantly—"none whatever. You see I have found you out. Oh, yes, I know who you are. I know! I know!" and she clapped her hands in childish glee.

"Oh, do you?" said the Minstrel, sitting up abruptly. "Then perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me who I am."

"If you really would like to know—" she began a trifle timidly.

"I should," said the Minstrel with grim decision.

The Maid looked stealthily to right and left of her and leaned a little towards him with an air of extreme caution.

"Really? Would you?" she demanded. "Very well," she added in response to the Minstrel's stony stare, "then I just will! You—you're—no, I daren't say it out loud, but you're—whisper!—you're *Lord Farinash!* There!"

She drew back and surveyed him with the ecstatic expression of a child who has guessed a difficult and absorbingly interesting riddle.

"Yes—Lord Farinash!" she repeated.

"Hah!" exclaimed the Minstrel tragically. "Then you *have* recognised me!"

"Oh yes—almost from the very first!" laughed the Maid. "Don't you think it was clever of me?"

"Simply frightfully clever," agreed the Minstrel, gazing at her in solemn admiration. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Only, for heaven's sake, don't whisper it to a soul! If the governor were to know—"

"Ah—the Duke!" she said in an awed tone.

"Precisely; the—er—Duke. You see, there would be the deuce and all to pay!"

"I see. Of course, I see. It's just to remain a little secret between ourselves, in fact. How quite lovely!"

"Yes, just between ourselves," said the Minstrel cautiously. "Don't tell your aunt."

"I wouldn't dream of such a thing," said the Maid virtuously.

She gave a little shy glance at him from under her parasol, seemed to hesitate a moment, and then, as on a sudden resolution, bent her pretty head slightly towards the brim of the Minstrel's hat, and added, in a low tone—

"Lord Farinash, I have guessed your secret—shall I tell you mine? Do you know what I am?"

The Minstrel looked at her with a meditative expression and sighed.

"You are very beautiful," he observed, as though the circumstance had only that moment presented itself to him.

A little wave of colour mounted to the Maid's cheeks, and she drew back her head.

"Yes, but I didn't mean that," she exclaimed hurriedly. "I mean—well, what *else*?"

"I really cannot imagine," he remarked. "And I don't see that anything else matters much."

"Oh, doesn't it!" she exclaimed, with a pout. "There are all sorts of other—nice things I might be that mattered much. For instance, supposing I told you—you said just now, you know. . . . supposing, that is, I told you I was an—an—"

"Angel?" put in the Minstrel vaguely, "there is a popular—and quite unfounded—superstition that angels have wings. Otherwise—"

"Oh, nonsense!" she interrupted. "Much better than that. An—"

"Yes?" said the Minstrel encouragingly. "Go on."

"Well, then"—she lowered her voice to the confidential key—"supposing I told you I was an—an—*heiress!*"

"No!" exclaimed the Minstrel with sudden interest. "Are you really?"

She nodded her head gravely.

"Just as really as you are Lord Farinash!" she answered.

"By Jove!" said the Minstrel, "I shouldn't have thought it. I never should. You are too pretty."

"What's that got to do with it?" she demanded, dropping her parasol slightly.

"Nothing, except that it is generally the ugly girls who own the lucre—Nature's law of compensation, you know."

"There are exceptions to every rule," she suggested.

"Brilliant ones," he agreed.

"I thought," she remarked demurely, "that the intelligence might appeal to a duke's son who is faced with the momentary possibility of disinheritance."

The Minstrel waved aside the contingency.

"Surely you would not sell yourself for a mere empty title!" he exclaimed in a tone of righteous disapproval.

The Maid gave a little rippling laugh.

"Well, a title—even an empty one—is rather nice, you know," she replied reflectively. "For instance, Lady Farinash would sound so much, so very much better, don't you think, than, for example—than, let us say, Mrs. Archie Clavering?"

The Minstrel sat bolt upright and his hat fell off. For an instant he gazed in silence at the mocking, beautiful young face looking down at his own. Then he laughed too—a little bitterly.

"Come," he said, "this is too bad of you. How on earth did you know?"

"Mr. Clavering," said the Maid calmly, "did I not say just now that I knew who you were—that I had recognised you from the very first moment?"

"As Lord Farinash," he reminded her.

"No—as Archie Clavering," she corrected. "Lord Farinash doesn't exist. I invented him on the spur of the moment. Don't you think it was wicked of you to try and impose on an—innocent girl like that? Supposing, for instance, I hadn't known, and had lost my heart to you as—as Lord Farinash?"

"In that case, I should have considered the deception justified by the result," said the Minstrel coolly. "But I have yet to learn *how* you found out my name?"

"The process was simple," replied the Maid. "I met you at Mrs. Delacourt's dance last year. You did me the honour to dance with me—once."

"Ah," said the Minstrel, his face lighting up at the revelation of a suddenly awakened memory. "I remember! I knew I had seen you before somewhere. Now you mention it, I remember the occasion perfectly. I was introduced to the prettiest girl in the room, and asked her for three dances—she only gave me one. And to think that you are that girl!"

"If I hadn't been," answered the Maid a trifle ambiguously, "do you imagine I should have allowed you to address me as you did the other morning? Do you think my aunt would have permitted me to make the acquaintance of a casual stranger on the beach? You did not know who I was, but I knew who you were; and having been introduced to you, don't you see? a year ago in a quite proper fashion, I felt there could be nothing wrong in—well—in renewing our acquaintance under these rather novel and exhilarating circumstances, Mr. Clavering!"

"And now," said the Minstrel with a deep sigh, "since you have found me out in this—this absurd disguise, singing for coppers on the beach with a lot of other asses like myself, I suppose you will have nothing more to say to me?"

"Oh, as to that," replied the Maid, "it depends. Since you are not a lord at all—"

"And you," he broke in a little bitterly, "are an heiress!"

"I am not," she confessed with a penitent air.

"You told me just now—" began the Minstrel in a tone of stern rebuke.

"I told you," she interrupted him, "that I was as really an heiress as you were a lord—which was, you must admit, a perfectly true statement of the case."

"Then," said the Minstrel, "you are *not* an heiress, either."

She made him a little mock bow.

"No, my Lord! I fear you must look to retrieve your fallen fortunes elsewhere!"

Then she rose to her feet and shook the sand from her skirts, while the Minstrel slowly rose too.

"If only I were Lord Farinash!" he murmured.

"And I—an heiress!" she added.

"When I marry," said the Minstrel firmly, "it will be—for love!"

"In a cottage," said the Maid, gazing pensively towards the sea.

"I'm afraid it will have to be something of that sort—at first," he admitted. "Would you mind?"

"Mind? Mind what?" she asked, fixing a pair of wondering blue eyes upon him.

"The cottage," said the Minstrel unabashed.

"I don't understand you," said the Maid with dignity.

"I certainly feel that I owe you an explanation," replied the Minstrel, in his most conscientious manner. "What I mean is—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the Maid, turning suddenly, "but I perceive my aunt beckoning to me from the Parade."

"But my meaning!" protested the Minstrel. "It is imperative that you should grasp my meaning—"

She threw a little backward glance at him over her shoulder. Her eyes danced with mischief, but her cheeks were prettily flushed.

"I will promise," she said, "to try and—grasp it, when I get home!" and the next instant was tripping daintily over the shingle.

The Minstrel gazed after her and sighed. Then he lit a cigarette and smiled, for he, too, had observed the sudden delicate wave of crimson in the Maid's cheeks.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE suddenness with which summer came caused one writer to borrow Sydney Smith's joke and express the desire to remove his skin and sit in his bones. We all remember the indignant incredulity of the lady for whose amusement the sally was made. Therefore shun the sloughing of the outer integument. Shun also the desire to remove the hair and thrust a bare scalp towards the sky. A friend of Sir George Grey, never having heard this warning, heedlessly did the thing. The art of the perruquier had done the best possible to repair the ravages of nature, but the day being frantically hot and the scene the bush of Australia, the owner of the wig sought coolness. He stuck a pen-knife under the edge of the wig and gently disengaged the latter from his head. A native looked on in

horror, uttered the aborigine equivalent for "black magic," then flew to cover. Next minute, a spear took the man of the wig clean between the shoulders. *En route*, it had passed through the knapsack which he wore. He blessed the knapsack, cursed the nigger, clapped on his wig, and went his way sorrowing.

Much Misunderstood.

A painstaking librarian, profiting by experience of the tastes of many readers, has been formulating a list of books suitable for private libraries of from two hundred to five thousand books. He does not appear to think much of the list of the Best Hundred selected by Lord Avebury. But if the list nominated by the father of Bank Holidays was not the hundred which he would have chosen for himself, it was the collection which he thought would be most generally acceptable to the average man or woman. "People would think one mad if one gave the list of his own hundred favourites," he has said. But it is his fate to be misunderstood. In one part of his writings he appeals to Christ, the distinguished botanist; and a reader from Scotland wrote protesting that the author's references to Christ on the subject of ants were most impious!

Picturesque Swindlers.

Paris has always been the happy hunting-ground of the picturesque swindler. We have had them of all sorts. The most noteworthy, the most astonishing, the most romantic, has been Madame Humbert of the phantom millions. There was Boulaine, the banker, a very pleasant and genial person, who "supped" his escort of detectives, and then skipped gaily away. "I am going to see a little friend of mine," he said, as he marched through the *porte cochère* of an apartment house.

The gentlemen of the law waited for him patiently, and didn't know there was an exit on the other side; but Boulaine did, and he got away. So much for the merry banker. In her own little way, Justine Pesnel deserves to have her niche in the Panthéon of the swindler. She has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for having too fertile an imagination. She invented brides and colossal dowries, and then greedy young men came to lay their presents at the feet of the fair. Justine took the presents, and kept the brides. No one saw them, except in a fitful kind of way. They seemed as intangible as the Crawford millions which Madame Humbert dangled before her dupes. Well, Madame Pesnel has been sent to prison, to dream, perhaps, of other bright schemes with which to deceive credulous and amorous humanity. It is sad to think that there is more than one *mariage manqué* in France — especially when the eligible young man is so scarce nowadays.

An Ex-Queen's Pleasures.

Time was when Ranavalo, ex-Queen of Madagascar, was rather a dowdy little person. When first the French deposed her they treated her rather meanly, kept her short of money, and consequently her wardrobe had to suffer. When she landed in the country of her conquerors she was wearing a poor and shabby little frock; to a sympathetic journalist she confided the need she had of a few fine feathers. Thereupon, a newspaper started a subscription list to give her a new silk dress. Nowadays she has no need of extraneous means to finery. The Government has increased her allowance, and she may buy her war-paint at the finest houses. Shopping is her one delight, in fact. She came to Paris for twelve hours, *en passage* merely for Cabourg, but she was tempted into staying several days, though the sun shone, and the soft west



THE KAISER AS SCULPTURE CRITIC: A STATUE HE FAVOURS.

Professor Hilgers has, on the special recommendation of the Kaiser, been awarded the gold medal for sculpture by the Berlin Art Exhibition. His "Judith" is a favourable example of his style, and incidentally gives a key to the German Emperor's taste in sculpture. It is a more robust than graceful ideal of the Jewish heroine.

Photograph by Dannenberg.



THE LATEST AID FOR BISLEY MARKSMEN: THE WIND-INDICATOR.

The new invention is to be used on rifle-ranges to indicate the direction of the wind. It indicates to the competitor at the firing-point the least variation of wind, which often means an alteration of from one to three feet, and sometimes considerably more, on the target.

Photograph by Lineham.

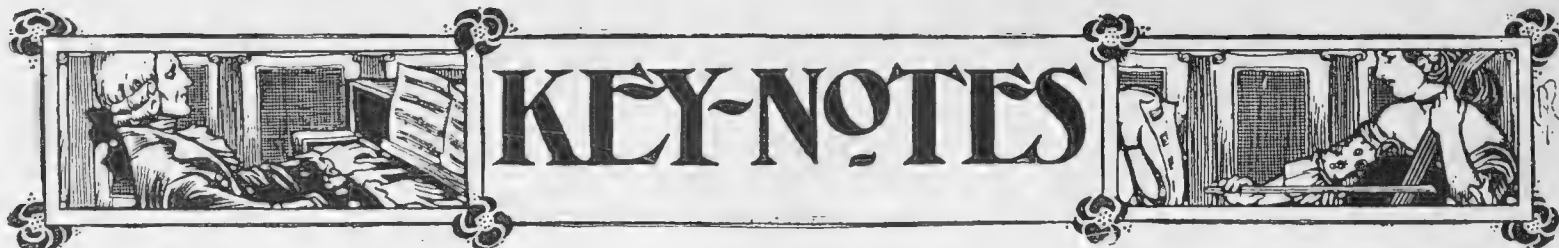


THE FIRST WOMAN-SHOT TO MAKE THE "POSSIBLE" AT BISLEY.

Mrs. Chaplin is the only lady rifle-shot who has ever made the highest possible score at 500 yards at Bisley. She did so while she was firing in the Stock Exchange Competition.

Photograph by Knight.

wind blew, seeming to tell of the pleasantness of a sojourn by the sea. But feathers and furbelows are more to the dark-skinned lady's taste than stretches of yellow sand and the green, green billows. She spent her mornings and her afternoons in a mad chase from emporium to emporium, and if the Government functionary who acted as her chamberlain had not insisted, ever so gently of course, she would have spent all her money in the shops, and left nothing for Cabourg. It is not so bad being a deposed queen in some circumstances. Madagascar society, after all, is rather dull when you compare it with the delights of a French watering-place, or the ever-changing joys of the Paris boulevards.



IN all probability, the revival of "Lucia" was undertaken for the sake of Signor Bonci, whose beautiful voice would seem to have been created for the interpretation of the tenor music of the early nineteenth century. When the singer is in her best form, Donizetti's music suits Melba too, but the revival found the Australian prima donna below par: she sang indifferently in the first act, and only made a partial recovery after an apology had been made on her behalf. But the old opera provided a pleasant entertainment, in spite of the besetting sins of Donizetti's music, in spite of the frank impossibility of the situations, in spite of the reduction to absurdity, for the sake of the music, of all dramatic interest. There was something simple and unaffected about our forebears' tastes in music, and certainly Donizetti understood the human voice and wrote carefully for it. Latter-day composers concentrate their attention upon the orchestra, and sometimes the voice seems to hold a smaller place than the first violins in their regard. On Wednesday last, Bonci enjoyed himself immensely, and we too enjoyed him. Of course, "Lucia," as an opera, remained ridiculous, but Bonci seemed to give fresh sweetness to familiar airs, and in the moments when Melba was at her best, she, too, seemed to justify our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, who took the composer seriously.

The concert season is well nigh at an end now, and the halls that have echoed twice a day to the recitals of men, women, and children will soon enjoy a well-earned vacation. It is fortunate that the season was almost at an end before the fine weather arrived, for as soon as the sun shone with the good grace to which it had been a stranger since March, the attendance at musical functions of every sort suffered sudden and serious decline. People remembered the claims of the country, and the week-end exodus was felt all over musical London.

As far as concerts are concerned it must be admitted that only a very small percentage of the new-comers among concert-givers have created even a mild sensation. A few singers have found great favour—Miss Culp, Madame de St. André, and one or two others—but there has been little that is startling in the work of the rank-and-file, while, happily, prodigies have been almost unknown. Perhaps the most unfortunate sign of the times is the multiplication of mediocrities. There are new players and singers in abundance who are good without being distinguished in any way, who have acquired as much or as little as conscientious study can yield them, but remain temperamentally lacking in the attributes of the real musician. They do not see anything of the inner world of music,

they have acquired understanding without experience; they are no more to be regarded as musicians than the people who have bought tickets for their first long journey may be regarded as travellers. British professional musicians are heard to complain that foreigners are robbing them of engagements; but the fact remains that the Latin, the Teuton, and the Slav have a natural aptitude for music, and that we are only beginning to acquire one.



A YOUNG CARUSO: THE GREAT TENOR'S SECOND SON.
The second of the Carusos has now left babyhood seven years behind him.—[Photograph by Brogi.]

The arrangements for the Promenade Concert Season are so well advanced that we know already the general outlines of the season's programme. Many people are inclined to think that the best "spade-work" in the interest of British musical taste is done at the Queen's Hall in August and September. Then and there the average man faces masterpieces on easy and familiar terms. He is not oppressed by the solemnity of the occasion, unless he has been guilty of striking a match or shuffling his feet at the supreme moment when Mr. Wood is gathering his forces for an attack upon some classic. The Saturday afternoon concerts, for all their interest, are formal affairs, and the average man likes to devote Saturday to sport, even if it be nothing more adventurous than watching others play football. But his evenings are his own; he may take his favourite pipe to bear him company and help him to tide over the critical period when the appeal of great music is fresh and uncertain.

The big Saturday Symphony Concerts preach to the converted, the Promenade Concerts make converts. Foreign visitors to the Queen's Hall during the Promenade season may be excused if

they wonder why popular concerts are not given every night in the year. A small orchestra, a competent conductor, a fairly large lounge, and a few score tables well served with light refreshments at popular prices suffice to make a fortune for the proprietary in many a Continental city, although the playing is often second-rate and the repertory small. Night after night the Continental beer-halls are filled to overflowing, and drunkenness is unknown. People pay for their refreshment and get the music for nothing, though in some places the price of the drinks varies with the position of the seat chosen. The Promenade Concerts help to prove the existence of an audience keen to enjoy good music at popular prices night after night, there are competent players in plenty looking for permanent work, and London must have plenty of accommodation in the quarters most suited for concerts. Why does not some enterprising manager consider the question of giving Promenade Concerts throughout the year? We are having six months opera in the year; why should London be content with only ten weeks of Promenade Concerts? COMMON CHORD.



THE WIFE OF CARUSO, M.V.O.: MME. CARUSO.

The King has created Signor Caruso a Member of the Victorian Order.—[Photograph by Brogi.]

giving Promenade Concerts throughout the year? We are having six months opera in the year; why should London be content with only ten weeks of Promenade Concerts?



THE AUTOMOBILISTS' "VADE MECUM"—INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT AT LAST: MAXIMUM BORE AND MINIMUM WEIGHT ADOPTED—
NEW AND SIMPLE DASHBOARD ENGINE-STARTER—BANK HOLIDAY RACING PLETHORA AT BROOKLANDS.

THERE is no more complete publication for the use of automobilists, native or foreign, touring this country, than the Handbook for 1907, just issued by the Royal Automobile Club, while to all motorists it must prove a valuable desk-book of reference and information. Parts 2 and 3, which deal with touring in the United Kingdom and touring abroad respectively, are just now the most eagerly consulted sections. It is often stated that Ireland is a much-neglected, because unappreciated country, but if holiday-seekers will turn to Mr. R. J. Mecedry's lucid article on touring in Ireland in this Handbook, it is probable that their fancy for motor travel may be turned Erin-wards. The plans of twenty of the principal towns, showing hotels and garages, and the through routes, are extremely valuable, and might be profitably augmented in number, particularly with regard to the latter feature. A diagram by which a motorist requiring to pass through a town can find his way without stopping to make inquiries is at times invaluable. It saves much awkward steering and frequent reversing. The fullest possible information with regard to touring abroad is given in Part 3, the Customs and car-transport information being most complete. Speed-limits and driving customs are given in all cases. The hotel and garage lists are compiled chiefly from the advice and by the experience of members and their friends, and are therefore particularly reliable. The legal question is dealt with very fully, the complete text of the various related Acts and regulations being given. A new feature is the series of maps of speed-limit areas, given in ten maps, the districts over which speed is restricted by L.G.B. order being shown clearly in black lines. There are full details of all the long-distance trials under Club supervision since March 1906 to May 1907.



THE LEADING MOTORIST IN THE PEKIN-PARIS RACE: PRINCE BORGHESE, WHO HAS BEEN FÊTÉD ON HIS ARRIVAL AT OMSK.

Photograph by H. Le Lieure.

The totally unexpected has happened, for something like an agreement appears to have been arrived at by the Ostend Conference, on Sunday, July 14. This was a conference of delegates from the leading automobile clubs appointed to arrive at a *modus vivendi* in international racing, if such concord were possible. I learn from a delegate present that after a long and heated discussion it was unanimously agreed that a basis of a maximum bore of 155 millimètres (equals 6½ in.) and a minimum weight of 1100 kilogrammes (equals 2240 lb.) should be adopted. Passengers, petrol, water, and spare parts are not included. The conclusions so admirably arrived at will be welcome news to all who contemplate entering cars for the classic races.

The American millionaire Mr. W. Christie built a curious automobile, which does not impress experts very favourably. He entered it for the French Grand Prix and fell out after the first round. The engine is over the front wheels, and the steering-wheel is curiously far back. The chauffeur sits right behind to keep the balance.—[Photograph by N. Lazarnick.]

Even to-day few cars are fitted and provided with means by which the engine, should it stop, can be re-started from the driver's seat. Now, the very best driver who ever handled wheel will sometime or other inadvertently stop his engine in traffic, when the descent to set it turning once more, while the congested traffic of a city thoroughfare piles up behind, is not only undignified but likely to provoke the ever-ready gibes of cabbies, bus-drivers, and others. The horizontal engines of one or two American runabouts can be started from the seat and the side of the vehicle, but with forward vertical engine, foot-board or dashboard starters are rare indeed. But the obvious convenience of such a provision was certain to produce an adequate device before long, and in the simple arrangement for which Colonel Holden and Mr. Elphinstone, of Messrs. Elliott and Co., are responsible, motorists have a long-felt want supplied. By means of a collapsible handle, projecting inwards from the dashboard, and from which the exhaust cam-shaft is rotated by chain gearing, the engine is turned into suitable positions for firing; but before this handle is turned a supplementary pedal, which breaks the ignition circuit and raises the induction-valves slightly, is depressed. Then, the handle being turned twice or thrice, the pedal is released, the valves fall, the circuit is completed, the charged cylinder fired, and the engine starts.

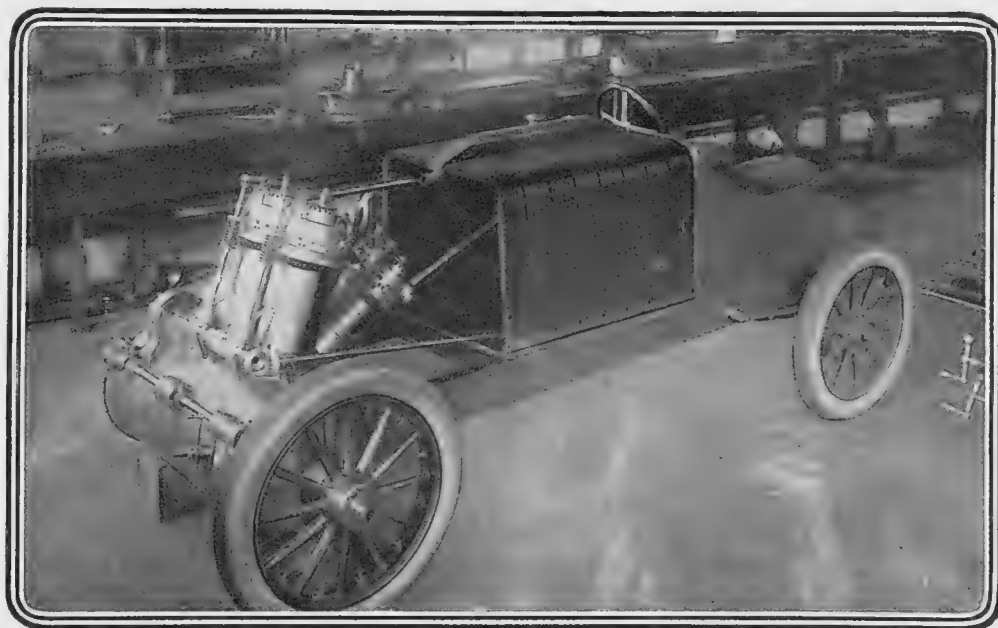


GOGGLES FOR THE AUTO-DOG.

The motor cap, goggles and coat have descended to the dog, who is the companion of man on the car as well as elsewhere. The amusing dachshund in the photograph is an American.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

The Saturday previous to the August Bank Holiday and upon the Bank Holiday itself there will be something very like a plethora of motor-racing at Brooklands. The two days' programme is before me at the moment of writing, and I notice with regret that the various events are again to be contested over what I must characterise as absurd and unconvincing distances. What sense or what conviction can there be in adopting such distances as 5'997, 8'7152, 10'3078 miles, and so on? The times taken for such distances are useless, or if an idea of the speed attained by the cars is desired, then an intricate and irritating calculation must be made. Both days will see races devoted to one make of car, for on Saturday, Aug. 3, the day's sport opens with the White Steam Car Plate of 150 sovs., open to White Steam cars of the 30-h.p. type of 1907; while on the following Monday a race termed the Daimler Plate, also of 150 sovs., is confined to cars manufactured by the Daimler Motor Company of Coventry, four-cylinder engines, bore 134 mm., stroke 150 mm. The testing of cars of the same type and power against each other should provide many interesting data.



A CURIOUSLY PLACED ENGINE IN A MILLIONAIRE'S CAR.

The American millionaire Mr. W. Christie built a curious automobile, which does not impress experts very favourably. He entered it for the French Grand Prix and fell out after the first round. The engine is over the front wheels, and the steering-wheel is curiously far back. The chauffeur sits right behind to keep the balance.—[Photograph by N. Lazarnick.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

NEWBURY AND LIVERPOOL—GLORIOUS GOODWOOD—COMMISSION AGENTS.

IT is a thousand pities that the Turf rulers should allow a clashing between Newbury and Liverpool. Next Friday many of the leading jockeys will be wanted at Aintree, with the result that a great sporting feature will be missing at Newbury, as people do not care to part with their sovereigns for the purpose of seeing second-rate jockeys cutting capers in the saddle. If popular

opinion were consulted, Newbury would at all times be a clear fixture. The meeting has caught on wonderfully. It is a pretty place, the sport is generally first-class, the railway arrangements are perfect, and the administrative ability brought to bear on the management of the course by Mr. John Porter and his colleagues is what the Americans would term "first chop." The Newbury Cup, to be decided on Saturday, attracted a poor acceptance, but the majority of those

the other. The race-track looks really beautiful. It has been mown by machinery, but the herbage is like velvet, and owners having lame horses need not hesitate to give them a run. Mr. Walter Dundas, a brother of Lord Zetland, is the Clerk of the Course, and the manager of the Goodwood estate. He devotes great attention to the course, and it does him credit. There was a time when water could not be had for love or money at Goodwood. I have often told in these columns of the impossibility in the old days even to get water with your whisky, while they gave soda-water free, gratis, and for nothing. Now, however, there is a good service of water, and it is to be hoped it will be freely used on the roads right up to the Stewards' Cup starting-post.

It is about time that some of the "smart" so-called commission-agents had a stop put to their little games. I heard of a case the other day where a backer had won a wager of a hundred pounds off one of these gentlemen, and he was told that he could have fifty pounds to liquidate the debt. He refused, when the layer told him to do his worst, as he intended to plead the Gaming Act. As the poor innocent backer had a public position, he thought compromise was the better part of valour, and he took the fifty and cried quits. Another unfortunate backer had won a parcel off an advertising commission-agent, and rendered his winning account in due course.

The layer sent for him, and the following conversation took place: "You debit me with £350, but you have won nothing like this amount. You have not given me credit for the following amounts." Here he produced some telegrams in the punter's name backing losers which the gentleman says he never dispatched. I do not know how this particular matter ended, but it should be easy of solution, as the backer could get from the Post Office officials the original copies of the telegrams handed in, and compare the writing. The moral of it all is, however, that backers should not do business with men about whom they know nothing. It is said that some double-event layers on the course do not pay out the full odds to their clients when the latter win; but the backers have only themselves to blame, as

they could always call up the chief custodian of the ring and have the defaulters expelled forthwith. They have no need to stand on ceremony in these days, for the powers that be are determined to uphold right against wrong at all costs. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



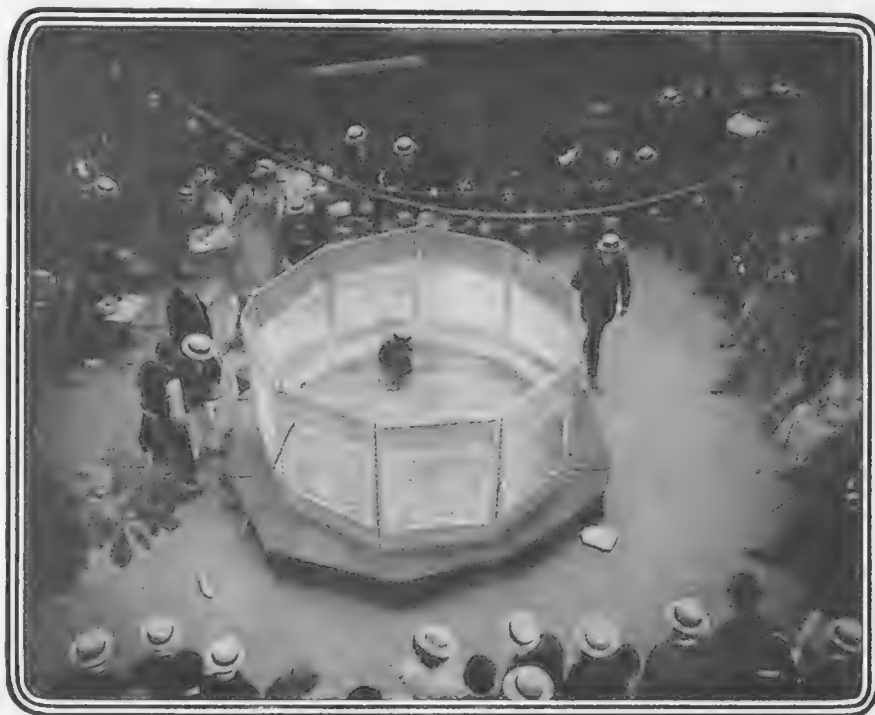
INSIDE THE RAT-PIT: THE DOG KILLING A RAT.

left in may go to the post, and the winner will take some finding. One or two local magnates have designs on the trophy, and it may be that a local trained horse will touch. My final for the race and my selection for the Liverpool Cup appear in another column. The last named race will, I am afraid, filter out, as the Summer Cup often does at Aintree; but it's fairly safe, as a rule, to follow the last horse backed. Sometimes, however, a rare turn-up is experienced, and it may be that one of the 'cute trainers has been waiting for this particular race to engineer a coup. As I have written many times before, it is a pity the handicaps at Liverpool are not better supported. The management is lavish in the matter of prize-money, and there is generally a good market on the races, especially when the Irish people fancy they know something.

Once more the time is approaching when the rank-and-file of the racing army will assemble on the Sussex heights. Goodwood just now is looking at its very best, and I do hope the weather will be fine, as the gathering this year should be a record one. There is very likely to be a mile at least of private motor-cars stacked on the course, and here I should mention that when the Duke of Richmond had a garage enclosed that covered a quarter of an acre of ground many people said the space would not be required. As a matter of fact, the enclosure was far too small last year, and it certainly will not accommodate all the motors that will be present next week. The roads all round the neighbourhood are still very loose, despite the rain, and fast motors drag up the flints almost directly after a storm. Spare tyres should be carried, and care should be exercised in driving down Trundle Hill on the one side, or the Birdless Grove on



A CHAMPION OF THE RAT-PIT IN PARIS: A FINE TYPE OF THE FRENCH RATTER.



A FRENCH SPORT: A RAT-KILLING COMPETITION IN A SPECIALLY MADE ARENA. Rat-killing by dogs is very popular in Paris. The dog and rat are in a little pit with glass sides. It is remarkable how many women attend these exhibitions.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The End of the Pageant.

The great Pageant of all, the Pageant of the London Season, is over, and lucky are the performers who can at once put off their gay trappings and tinsel crowns and become every-day individuals knocking balls on a croquet-lawn instead of personages with a part to play and a smiling dignity to keep up. It is certain that the jaded Londoner enjoys the country with a zest which the country dweller never knows. Indeed, the political hostess who has faced the fire of a thousand guests has more need of a fortnight in the country than the suburban matron who never has to brace herself to greater effort than ordering a modest dinner. For the Pageant of the Season is a fatiguing one, and it lasts, moreover, with infrequent breaks, from February till July. And the minor performers in the Pageant, the débutantes and young-men-about-town, the actors and singers who amuse us, the humorous persons who make after-dinner speeches, the fiddlers, the modish milliners, the journalists who have to be so vastly "knowing"—all these are tired out, too, and rejoice that the curtain is rung down, the lights extinguished, the festal garlands taken from the wall.

Deceptive Appearances.

Mr. John Galsworthy attacks the fashionable woman in his own brilliant and searching manner in the *Nation*, assuring her that she is the "perfection of nonentity," and, moreover, that she is "blind in heart and soul and walk—the blindest creature in the world." The author of "The Country House," has been leaning on the rails in

Hyde Park, it seems, and gazing at Beauty as she drives slowly by in the most tiresome of all processions. Yet that he is deceived by appearances is obvious to all who know the habits of our modern upper class. The lady with the wonderful hat and the imperturbable manner, whom he anathematizes as a wastrel, probably works as hard (at any rate, in the season) as any literary person who earns his living. As a matter of fact, Mr. Galsworthy's strictures are more applicable to the suburban matron in her barouche than to the young Duchess in her Panhard, for the plutocrat of the suburbs has infinite leisure and no responsibilities or duties, while our aristocracy never ceases in its efforts to retain its prestige and power.

Narrowing the Herring-Pond.

An ingenious American has invented a boat which will travel, he claims, at a mile a minute, so that in the near future we may expect to have New York and Liverpool but a paltry journey of thirty hours apart. It is a disquieting thought, and a patriotic Briton may well wish that the secret of

we do quite as much work in a day as the Americans, but that we do it in a less offensively strenuous manner; and that "hustling" is a mere habit which leads nowhere, except to nervous exhaustion and premature collapse. A case in point is the behaviour of passengers in our "tubes" and underground railways and that of New Yorkers in similar means of transit. The American runs, shoves, pushes, knocks down the weak-kneed and tramples over his prostrate body, in order to enter a train and "save" some three minutes' time. The Londoner saunters in leisurely and dignified fashion out of the "tube" or District railway-carriage, and sensibly refuses to "get a move on" in spite of the expostulations of the guard. Long may he continue to do so, for an Englishman is not easily scared and hustled, and the introduction of the railway compartment scrimmage from the "other side" would be the beginning of a national *dégringolade*. New York must be kept more than thirty hours away if we wish to preserve our insular phlegm.

The Complete Holiday-Maker.

Up to the end of the last century there used to be an odious habit of inquiring of all and sundry where they were going for their holiday. Everyone resented the question, some making truthful, others vague, and not a few untrustworthy answers. The complete holiday-maker should never say where he is going; indeed, he should hardly know himself. There is infinite charm in the unexpected, and if you are on your way to a tourist agency to buy return tickets to Venice—or even to Ventnor—there is an intoxicating sense of adventure in changing your destination, on the instant, to Stockholm. This simple proceeding will give you a sense of freedom, as exhilarating as oxygen, and will lend to your summer holiday a glamour which will last you till you are back again in Piccadilly. Hence the amazing popularity of the motor-tour—you go where you list, or, rather, where the chauffeur lists, and the sense of unbridled vagabondage is complete. The countries of Europe are divided only by signposts, and alps and rivers do but add to the joy of the pilgrimage to unknown shrines. I believe Russia is the only country into which you must slip unostentatiously when motoring, but some friends of mine accomplished the feat, by the aid of backsheesh, triumphantly a few months ago.

The Disappearance of the River Girl.

Up and down the Thames, from Boulter's Lock to Bourne End, I have been looking for the River Girl—the slim young thing in a shirt and skirt and a Panama hat, with brown arms innured to the punt-pole. But nowhere is she to be found. Here and there is to be seen a Young Person attired like a fashion-plate, wearing a vast *cloche* hat adorned with a herbaceous border in full bloom, and a multitude of frills and furbelows, but this minx in muslin can do little more than languidly handle a paddle, and is far from emulating the prowess of the strenuous River Girl of a few years ago. Who knows if the national *dégringolade* at Henley was not obscurely connected with the disappearance of our Thames Amazons, whose presence made the river so attractive to oarsmen of still sterner stuff?



A STUDY IN CREAM LACE AND CHIFFON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

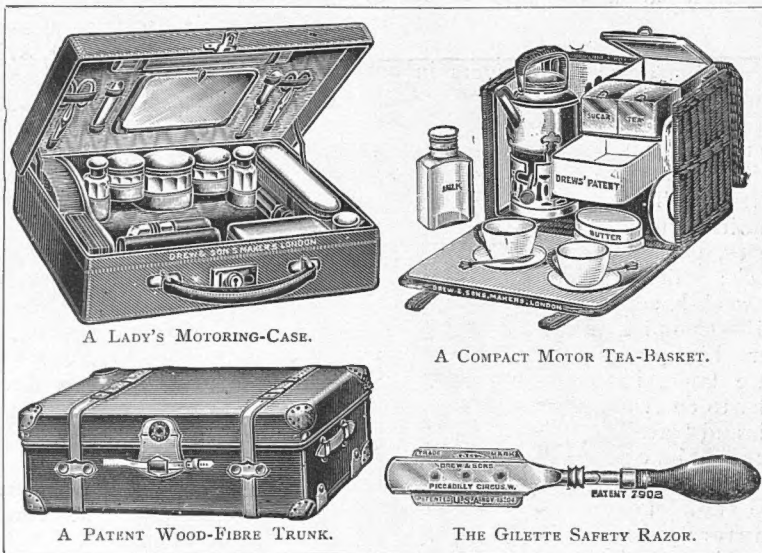


A HAT IN PINK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

ALL thoughts turn now to the holidays; many have already started, more are going when the wedding-bells ringing out through the week have ceased their pealing. No class is harder worked than the so-called leisured community. Few people look forward more to a holiday than those whose days and nights are apparently devoted to pleasure. The social round has become something of a tyrannical treadmill of late years. Once drawn into



NOVELTIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS'.

its continual turning, it is impossible to back out. For all reasons it must go on; and the more strenuous its working, the better for the great trading community. I don't know if Scotland is going to be so conspicuously the fashion as it was last autumn. There is no doubt that it will be full enough for the shooting, fishing, and stalking season. Last year it was a matter of great difficulty to get into hotels or to rent shootings, while the multitude of motors touring about showed that Bonnie Scotland was greatly appreciated.

Holidays abroad always have seemed best in the eyes of a large section of our British public. Now that motors can be shipped so easily across Channel, they are being freely used to get off the beaten tracks on the Continent, and so to see something of life in the different countries as it is, unspoilt by constant communication with travellers of all nations. For such expeditions special outfits are necessary to secure anything like comfort. Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus, have specially applied themselves to the task of making the motor tourist's life a happy one. That they are highly successful is proved by the extraordinary number of orders they are day by day receiving. The firm was the pioneer in tea and luncheon baskets, and have now adapted them specially for motors. Women are poor things without their tea, and men miserable minus a good lunch. Compact, light, and containing everything necessary, Drew's baskets are boons and blessings to the travelling public, more especially to the motorists who leave the beaten tracks.

We give an illustration of a fitted tea-basket for two persons. It is so well thought out, so compact and practical, that tea can be made in a few minutes anywhere and in any circumstances. Another convenience is a lady's dressing-case; it is but 12 inches long, and very light, and has in it everything necessary for the toilet and a space in the middle to pack things in. It is of green morocco, lined with green, and the fittings silver, with ivory brushes. A friend of mine earned the gratitude of her best-beloved cousin by giving her one of these cases for a wedding present. "That case you gave me is my dearest possession," she writes; "it has been half round the world with me, and in all sorts of queer places, and because of it Jack has never yet seen me dishevelled or travel-soiled." There are other productions of the firm, such as patent wood-fibre trunks in the most ingeniously convenient forms. I always think a look round Drew's is a liberal education in how to travel in comfort. They have a patent holder for sharpening dull blades of the Gillette razor, which appeals to mankind. I've bought five at five shillings each for presents for a quintet of globe-trotting men relatives, and I've earned quite ten pounds' worth of real gratitude.

Goodwood is not, I hear, to be graced by the presence of the Queen. Her Majesty and Princess Victoria, when they leave town, go to Sandringham, and will probably join the King later at Cowes. There will be a large attendance at the Sussex Meeting, which is always a delightful one, the air so fresh and invigorating, the surroundings so beautiful. A lot of beautiful muslin and marquise dresses, which were acquired for about a third of their value at the sales, graced the Eclipse Meeting at Sandown on Friday. More will put in an appearance at Goodwood if the weather is kind.

They are perfectly fresh and very beautiful these gowns. Possibly never before have functions right at the end of the season been so favoured in the matter of fresh and beautiful dresses.

On "Woman's Ways" page is an illustration of a delightful lace-and-chiffon dress in a soft shade of cream colour. The waistcoat under the fichu on the bodice is of subdued but delicately pale pink net over cream chiffon, and is trimmed with palest pink glacé, of which the waistband is composed. The lace is tapered in points up the skirt, and forms two deep frills at the hem. The hat is of fine pale-pink straw, the crown made of frills of lace. At one side there is a large cluster of pink and pale-blue convolvuli under the turned-up brim and trailing down on the hair. It is not a sale dress, but a new model for the country-house party and the seaside season.

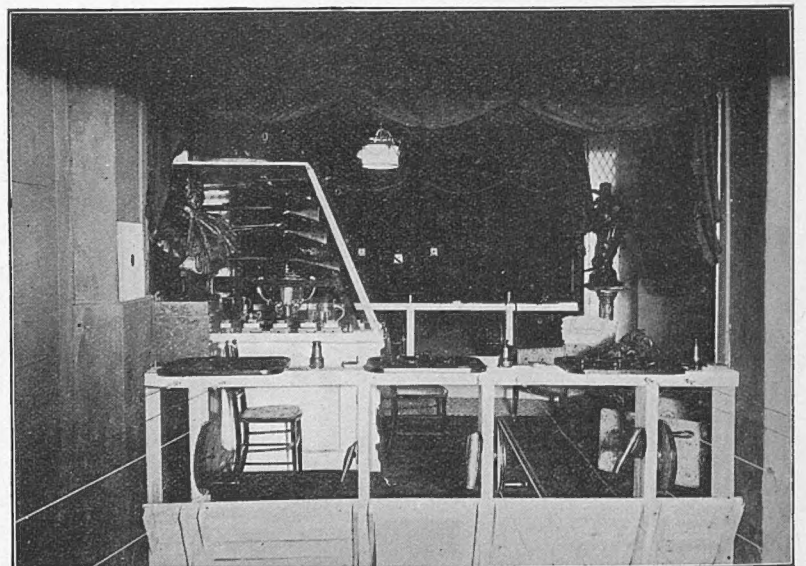
The State Ball last week was large and brilliant, and, of course, remarkable for the show of jewels. The Queen was a blaze of them; so was the Princess of Wales, who wore a lovely pale-green dress with beautiful embroidery in silver. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg looked very graceful and stylish in white and gold. Princess Patricia of Connaught wore a Princess dress of white satin, simply made, with a crossing fold bodice, having a deep tucker of white tulle and finished with an effective diamanté embroidery in a design of hydrangea leaves. The Marchioness of Londonderry wore superb diamonds with a Princess dress of white satin trimmed with the most beautiful old Alençon lace. Miss Valerie Glover, a recent débutante, was immensely admired, wearing a picture dress of white satin; and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple and Miss Adelaide Spencer, daughter of the Lord Chamberlain, were two other recent débutantes to whose share fell much enjoyment and admiration.

There has been an unusual amount of east wind this year, and it proves very trying to the skin. After a long dusty motor ride in it—as, indeed, after any outing—a most delightful and refreshing thing is a good wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap; it never irritates, it is smooth as velvet, and it perfectly cleanses. It is really a restorative to a tired skin and freshens it splendidly.

I have just had a letter from a friend with the postscript, "Don't you like this paper? It's new and called 'Puryta,' and it is parchment; I'm delighted with it." It certainly looked very nice. The smartest thing in letter-paper continues to be the single sheet. It is usually bordered slightly in a tone deeper than itself, and the initials quite small and suspended from a sign is a neat little tip. Nearly everyone has some little personal idea carried out in the paper they use for notes to intimates. But, dear me! the telephone is changing all this. One doesn't write, one rings up.

A NEW RIFLE-RANGE: SHOTTS CLUB.

Shotts Club owes its origin to the rapidly increasing interest which is being evinced in rifle and revolver practice, and it purposes to place at the disposal of its members and friends a suitably appointed rendezvous where the same may be obtained. The Club's premises are situated at 18, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W. Extending from a comfortably appointed lounge are three rifle and three revolver ranges, varying in length from ten to thirty paces, whilst for the exclusive use of ladies there is an additional rifle and revolver range with private lobby attached. Any lady or gentleman is at liberty to



A NEW RIFLE-RANGE: SHOTTS CLUB.

use his or her own weapons on the Club's ranges. A special case is provided for storing same. They are cleaned and stored free of charge. Arrangements have been concluded with Messrs. Elkington and Co. to supply the gold and silver trophies, which will be awarded periodically, and are on view in the gentlemen's lounge. Full particulars can be obtained from the Manager, Shotts Club, 18, Regent Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 29.

JAPANESE CREDIT.

IN order to subscribe for the new issue of Southern Manchurian Railway bonds, holders of other Japanese issues have sold some of their stock and temporarily depressed the quotations for the country's securities. The amount of the new issue, however, is so comparatively small that the four million pounds can have no real influence upon the prices of the Government bonds, and a recovery in the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. series is more than likely. Upon these bonds, the return to the buyer is about $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., making allowance for the coupon due on the Second Series in the middle of August, and, as a special hypothecation of the tobacco-tax gives the bonds an advantage over any other Japanese issue, the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan is bound to command most attention from the investor who demands as much security as is compatible with such a yield on the purchase. The Fours look cheap at $83\frac{1}{4}$, but the others are better value for the money. People shake their heads over Japanese finance, wondering whether the borrowing has not recently proceeded at a rate too rapid to be consonant with prudence. The credit of Japan, however, stands higher to-day than ever it has done before, and the bonds are, to our mind, steady investment securities that are likely to appreciate in price.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

One of the ever-pressing demands upon stockbrokers is for lists of steady industrial investments paying about 5 per cent. on the money. Preference shares are, perhaps, most sought: their occasional unmarketability is not allowed to weigh against the attraction that lies in the sound of the word "Preference." For such inquirers Lipton's 5 per Cent. Preference at 20s. 9d. are useful, and Hovis 6 per Cent. Preference at 22s., or Bovril and Schweppes Preference, all yielding from $4\frac{3}{4}$ to $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the money. Such shares are quiet, steady investments, not likely to rise or fall to any appreciable extent. To go to a quite different section, Hotel Preference shares can be bought to pay considerably more, and, in spite of the wet summer, the best of the issues are reasonable speculative investments. The lately issued report of the Gordon Hotels is distinctly encouraging, for although the business done is some £14,000 less than in the previous twelve months, by judicious economies the profits are maintained, and in the current year no building operations at the Grosvenor Hotel will hamper the business. As a Preference share yielding well over $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. there is room for a fair rise in price. And, turning to Ordinary shares, the firmness of Lyons and Aerated Breads is worth noticing. Both shares are likely to improve in price, and both pay well. To buy for a lock-up, to get good interest, Anglo-American Telegraph 6 per Cent. Preferred stock at 108 is attractive.

SOCIALISM AND FINANCE.

The two do not go well together. Admirers of Socialism in the abstract must fain admit that the cult has done nothing for their investments in the way of improving prices. Labour and Socialism are forces to be reckoned with in the Stock Exchange as well as at the polls, and after Jarrow and Colne Valley, Home Railway stocks look less tempting than they did. Nor is it only Home Rails that suffer by fear of shorter hours and more pay being legalised by Parliament. Such companies as those engaged in the iron and steel trade are menaced by a danger none the more pleasant because it is about as vague as the liability of a householder under the new Compensation Act. One of these fine days the spread of education will no doubt enable Labour to see that its best interests and those of Capital are so near as to be practically identical—a lesson which neither side has absorbed at present. Until this consummation of common-sense, we are afraid that Socialism won't be much of a bull point for the Stock Exchange.

FURNESS WITHY.

Such a chorus of newspaper admiration greeted the issue of the Furness Withy report that it seems somewhat ungracious to cavil at the figures of this immense undertaking. To the skill and foresight which have raised the Company to its present position must be accorded full acknowledgment, but we should greatly like to see an improvement in certain of the financial items figuring in the balance-sheet. There, the reserve fund figures at half a million sterling, and the assets of which it consists are set out in detail, though not the prices at which the securities are valued by the auditors. Almost at the top of the list comes rather more than £100,000 each in the Debentures of the International Mercantile Marine and the British Maritime Trust. What would either of those stocks fetch, we wonder, if the money were wanted? Could one-fifth part of either be sold, say, at 70 per cent.? We much doubt it. The rest of the list of investments do not look prepossessing, and we should say that, even if it entails a sacrifice, holders ought to take an early opportunity of selling their shares in this and in the Cargo Fleet concern as well.

ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY COMPANY.

The fortunes of the Antofagasta Railway have been adversely affected during the past twelve months by circumstances which could not have been foreseen or provided for. Among the most important was the fall in the Chilean exchange, which began immediately after the disastrous earthquake at Valparaiso in August last, and has continued with slight fluctuations to the present time. The great increase in the cost of living in Antofagasta, and the consequent rise in wages, was accentuated by the same calamity. The result has been that, while the gross receipts increased by £201,267, working expenses were added to the extent of £166,210, and the net receipts only profited by £35,057. The Board have therefore only been able to pay a dividend for the year of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the new Deferred stock, where 10 per cent. was confidently expected twelve months ago. This dividend is, of course, a very handsome one for those who have been shareholders for some years past, representing $11\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the old undivided Ordinary stock. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that there is any immediate prospect of an improvement. Although there has been a satisfactory increase in the receipts in Chilean currency for the first six months of this year, as a result of the fall in the exchange, the sterling equivalent shows a decrease of £20,365. It is expected that there will be a much larger increase in currency in the latter half of the year, when the Company's new pipe line is completed. As an example of the extent to which prices have risen recently, the following paragraph from the report is worth quoting: "The coal consumption in 1906 was 43,635 tons, as against 29,977 tons in 1905. The cost of coal in 1906 was £57,960, and in 1905 £33,117. A large increase of expenditure under this heading must be expected for the year 1907, as the consumption will be much greater, and the average price at least 12s. per ton higher than last year." But if the immediate prospects are not altogether satisfactory, there is every chance of a great future for the Company when things return to a more normal condition. The present high cost of living in Chili is to a certain extent due to transitory causes, and is not likely to be permanent. Meanwhile, the railway is suffering rather from too much than too little traffic, and the opening of the new branch to Mejillones, and the completion of the new Moles there, will afford some relief to the congestion at Antofagasta. The next few years are likely to see a great development in railway-making in Bolivia, and, from what the Chairman stated at the meeting, there seems no reason why this should be detrimental to the Company. Q.

Salt Union shares, Preference and Ordinary, are worth attention, as the Company is doing a much improved business. The full dividend is expected to be paid on the 7 per Cent. Preference shares, now about $4\frac{1}{4}$, and they should go to par (£6).

Saturday, July 20, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANXIOUS (Maidenhead).—We cannot learn anything of your Spanish Company. By searching at Somerset House information might be got. Send us the search fee and we will try.

A REGULAR READER.—You cannot work the in-and-out plan without devoting yourself to stock markets. The idea is to sell on any little rise and buy in again when things are very flat. As to the investments, buy Anglo-Argentine Trams at about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, Cuba Gold Bonds at 104, and City of Mexico Bonds or the New Japanese Loan.

TINKLE.—We can give you no reliable opinion on the Tin Mine. All we know is that it possesses a freehold farm of 6813 acres in the Pretoria district.

SILVER BIRD.—We never answer anonymous letters.

RUSS.—(1) The Assurance Corporation would not be good enough for our money. (2) Yes, the house would be safe enough, under the circumstances you name, if you put the terms of repayment in the mortgage deed.

SPEERO.—Hold on to your Nitrate shares. They should have a good year.

X (Johannesburg).—See answer to "A Regular Reader." We never give brokers' names in the paper, but have sent you a letter with the name of the firm we advise. You can trust them, but they will not buy stock for you unless the money to pay is remitted to a bank here, to be paid over against delivery of the stock purchased.

KIRRIEMUIR.—The Barrenechea report and the passing of the dividend were a complete surprise, and the shares have suffered a big fall; but the Chairman made a most encouraging speech, and the industry in general is doing well. Hold on and we expect you will get your money back. Your other Nitrate Company is doing well.

J. M. P.—No, have nothing to do with it.

ANXIOUS.—If you make profits we think they would pay. A proper broker will charge you a commission, but he will save you the money many times over in the price of the shares, in all probability.

A. McC.—We hear the Company is doing a good trade. The price is about 4s. 6d.

POOL.—(1) The Railway loan is cheaper than any of the other issues, and equally safe. (2) When underwriters get landed with a large part of their risk, the market is always affected until they have been able to dispose of their holdings. It means that there are always sellers about.

L. H. (Hull).—Why send us a coupon from a paper with which we have nothing to do? The Company you ask about is a first-rate Kaffir, but nothing in that market will go better at present.

BONDS.—The only objection to the firm you name is that they charge from 25 to 30 per cent. too much for the bonds they sell.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Liverpool I fancy Lady Hasty for the Liverpool Cup. Some of the following may go close: Grasmere Handicap, Best Friend; Mersey Stakes, Littledale; Molyneux Plate, Saxham; St. George's Stakes, Laomedia; Windermere Handicap, Pretty Dick; Liverpool Plate, Venilia; Great Lancashire Plate, White Eagle; Knowsley Dinner Stakes, Slieve Gallion; Croxeth Handicap, Vada; Atlantic Stakes, Silver Heeled. At Windsor, the Eton Handicap may go to Turbine, the Royal Plate to Quelpart, and the July Handicap to St. Day. For Newbury I fancy the following: Newbury Cup, Noctuidiform; Empire Stakes, Crescent; Berkshire Foal Stakes, Pom; Netheravon Handicap, Detection; Ormonde Stakes, Slim Lad; Kennet Plate, Persian Lilac. For the Steward's Cup at Goodwood I am told Reckless will go very close.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"THE Story of Anna Beames" (Heinemann) lies close to the moorland soil from which it springs. The lonely Rectory, where Anna lived her five-and-thirty passionless years until a ne'er-do-weel lover troubled her life, has a touch of Hawthorne Parsonage, as Mrs. Gaskell describes it, and so, too, the Rector of Whetstone and his virile brothers have something in common with the fierce thirst for life which drove the Brontë family into inspired utterance. There, however, the resemblance ends. The Beameses had no genius, and they found the way to life through love, and in Anna's case, through love to death. It is a long time since we have met anything more powerful in modern fiction than the council of the brothers over their sister's sin, each conscious of the fires which have scorched him aforetime, and conscious, too, of his brothers' knowledge of the scars still left within him.

"I wants ter make yer flesh creep" is the substance of Mr. Bernard Capes' "The Great Skene Mystery" (Methuen). He succeeds admirably, by a resuscitation of the look-out-for-the-deadly-thrill-round-the-corner method with which the late Wilkie Collins enchanted another generation. (By-the-bye, do people read "Armada" and "No Name" nowadays? And if not, why not?) The Prologue is a savoury bit of creepy writing, what with its yellow fog, and wicked old Mother Carey, and that horrid business of the dead baby. Not for worlds would we disclose the clue to the Great Skene Mystery, lest any should be cheated of his due; but we want to ask Mr. Capes *why* Ira Christmas (who, even if her grandfather made pills, had been brought up in the best circles) should have asked her question about the possibilities of becoming the Honourable Mrs. Skene? She ought to have known that Lord Skene's grandson would bear no courtesy prefix. And oh! Richard Gaskell, destined to blossom into a literary swell, what is the legitimate use of the word "aggravating"?

"Bachelor Betty" (Constable) was an autobiographical young person whose destiny, from the beginning of her artless story, was plainly to run, in double harness. It was not what she sought when she came from Australia, second-class and gloriously independent, to venture into the London battle; but a girl so essentially feminine, by her own showing, was bound to end in marriage. She wrote stories and books in her bachelor flat, and she observed people and things with an ingratiating naïveté. Miss Winifred James, to whom we are indebted for her existence, and whose pen will, we are convinced, give us other characters as lively, lets us gather that Betty loved congenial company, and fine clothes, and administering mild snubs, quite as well as she loved

literature, so that she was in every way well fitted for the matrimonial prosperity which overtook her. "There is not one woman in a hundred," said this sapient young person at the outset of her career, "who chooses an independent life because she prefers it. She may prefer it to starvation, she may prefer it to being buried alive or to living in dependent ease with uncongenial people, but the one who honestly does it for the love of it has got to be searched for long and laboriously." By which it will be seen that Betty was honest as well as discerning, and that those who look for entertaining wisdom in Miss James's first novel will not look in vain.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS RECEIVED: JULY.

THE LOST CHORD. (Sullivan.) LA KERMESSE ("Faust.") (Gounod.) REGIMENTAL CALLS (1). "DIE MEISTERSINGER" (Sel. 1). (Wagner.) "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND." The Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.
SWORD DANCE (HAGPIPES). Pipes of H.M. Scots Guards.
SPANISH SERENADE. (Mello.) SWISS SONGS POT. POURRI. Clarke's London Concert Band.
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD. (Balfe.) ALICE. WHERE ART THOU? (Ascher.) Mr. Edward Lloyd (Tenor).
ROSES IN JUNE. (German.) WHEN SPRING RETURNS. (Somerville.) Mr. John Harrison (Tenor).
LA DONNA E MOBILE. ("Rigoletto.") (Verdi.) M. Giuseppe Acerbi.
GOOD COMPANY. (Stephen Adams.) Mr. Robert Radford (Bass).
A FAREWELL. (Liddle.) Miss Perceval Allen.

THE MAGIC MONTH OF MAY. (Ernest Newton.) A MEMORY. (Goring Thomas.) Madame Jones-Hudson (Soprano).
A NIGHT IN VENICE. (Lucantoni.) Miss Perceval Allen and Mr. John Harrison.
WHEN BRITAIN REALLY RULED THE WAVES. ("Iolanthe") NONO BUT THE BRAVE DEFEND THE FAIR. IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME. (Sullivan.) The Sullivan Operatic Party.
TEMPESTA ("The Storm"). ("Rigoletto.") O, SIGNORE ("I Lombardi.") (Verdi.) The La Scala Chorus.
STOP YER TICKLING, JOCK. Mr. Harry Lauder.

FLUTE.

SWANNEE RIVER. Mr. De Jonge.

PIANO.

TWO PRELUDES AND MAZURKA. OCTAVE STUDY AND WALTZ. (Chopin.) M. Vladimir de Pachmann.

The reproduction of Mr. Harry Lauder's singing of "Stop yer Tickling, Jock" takes the highest honours among the July records. The voice suggests the inimitable accent and gesture of the comedian, and it is impossible not to believe that Mr. Lauder is present in the body. The instrument achieves its usual success also with the songs by Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. John Harrison. Something quite new has been obtained in the records of M. Vladimir de Pachmann's playing. It has been said of piano records that the gramophone has invented a new instrument—something between the harp and the piano, and this without any loss of depth. To M. de Pachmann's playing this adds a peculiar and rather weird charm. The artist, however, ought really to have been allowed to speak to the Gramophone those quaint little comments that he makes to his audience while he plays. Then it would have been possible not only to hear, but to see him. In this period of Gilbertian revivals the charming extracts from "Iolanthe" are especially welcome.

A Delightful
Summer Dish.

Bird's
Custard

NO EGGS!

NO RISK!

NO TROUBLE!

with Fruit

BIRD'S CUSTARD is the one thing needed with all Stewed, Tinned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavor, adds to their nutriment, and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

